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THE MENACE OF THE VATICAN.—[See Article, "The Papacy and Universal War," Page 422.]

The Pope. "The Angel of the Lord follows them up [the Italian Liberals], and with bared sword menaces those who pretend to be so much at their ease." They are "children of Satan," "monsters of hell, demons incarnate."—Pius IX.

The Poet. "At this moment the peace of all Europe is threatened by the secret plots and monstrous pretensions of Ecclesiasticism. Woe to that Church which, for the sake of power and dogma, breaks the peace of God among nations, makes its missionaries assassins, and mingles blood with its wine of sacrament!"—Whittier.

LILAC.

I CAN not tell why lilac flowers
  Should bring me such strange dreams.
Within their scented purple buds
  A witchcraft fancy gleams.

They pictured languid Persian girls—
  Star-Eyes and Rose-in-Bloom—
The jewel-clusters gathering
  In Orient garden-gloom.

Then from that far and fragrant land
  My fitful vision ran,
And kissed beneath a cozy porch
  A nun-like Puritan.

Ah, lilac, in your pretty art
  You bring me of the best—
The glowing sweetness of the East,
  The pure and tender West!

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1875.

☞ *With this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *is sent out gratuitously an*

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT,

containing a striking double-page portrait of the Prince of Wales as Grand Master of Masons in England, another illustration of Sicilian Brigandage, a picture of the Snake-eating Snake in the London Zoological Gardens, and a further installment of "THE HIGHER LIFE OF ANIMALS."

An illustrated SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NORTH AND SOUTH.

GENERAL W. F. BARTLETT was one of the bravest and most devoted of Union soldiers during the war, and since it ended he has been equally earnest for a real reconciliation. Last year when the Harvard Memorial Hall was dedicated at Cambridge he made a speech, which was very warmly applauded, in which he asserted that the leading Confederate soldiers, as a body, had honestly and heartily acquiesced in the result of the contest, and asked only for an honorable recognition of that fact. At the late Centennial celebration in Massachusetts General BARTLETT spoke at the Lexington dinner, and by especial invitation, upon the relations of the North and the South, and the means of restoring fraternal relations. His speech was a brief and impassioned appeal to Massachusetts and all loyal and patriotic Americans to understand that between the opposing soldiers of the war those relations are already really restored, and that the friction and trouble that still remain are due in both parts of the country to mere interested politicians, who were not seen in the field, but who have various purposes to serve. "Do not believe," he said, of the late Confederate section, "that the light and dirty froth which is blown northward and scattered over the land (oftentimes for malicious purposes) represents the true current of public opinion at the South." With generous warmth of feeling General BARTLETT said that as an American he was as proud of the heroism of his American opponents in the war as he was of that of his brave associates; and if their conscientious devotion did not justify their course, at least it ennobled themselves.

Upon his return to Richmond, in Virginia, where he is at present engaged in business, General BARTLETT was serenaded by a company of ex-Confederate officers, and General BRADLEY T. JOHNSON addressed him in a brief speech, reciprocating the sentiments expressed at Lexington, saying that no victors ever bore themselves toward the vanquished with more knightly courtesy than the Union soldiers toward the Confederate, and hoping that as Virginia felt a hundred years ago that the cause of Massachusetts was the cause of America, so Massachusetts would feel now that the cause of Virginia is that of all the States and of the Union. In reply General BARTLETT said that what he had uttered at Lexington was the feeling and the hope of the Northern part of the country, and reiterated his belief that the worst enemies of the country in every section are those who talk more bravely than they fought. Meanwhile, in Georgia, General EVANS, on the Confederate Memorial-day at the end of April, spoke a few manly and honorable words, saying that while he and his companions sadly relinquished the "Cross and Stars," they had taken "with the true hand of Southern honor the staff that holds the flag of Stars and Stripes."

These are pleasant words to read and hear, nor can there be any doubt that they express the sentiment of a great multitude of those who were in arms against the Union. Still less can it be doubted that the reconciliation urged by General BARTLETT is indispensable to the national welfare. Indeed, so general is that conviction, and so truly does he speak for the best sentiment of this part of the country, that we doubt if there is any considerable number of persons who favor a policy of administration which assumes a general hostility to the government in the Southern States. But, on the other hand, it is not to be denied that the conciliatory sentiments which Generals EVANS and JOHNSON now express in the name of their late comrades in arms have not controlled the political action of the white leaders in the Southern States since the war closed. First, the positive action taken in those States under the hopes aroused by the malign accident of ANDREW JOHNSON'S Presidency; then the abstinence from political affairs or the indifference to them; then the apparent acquiescence in the Ku-Klux and the White League—these, as illustrations, all showed a feeling which was far from conciliatory, and which necessarily gave "the South" no other political sympathizers in "the North" than the Copperheads of the war, a body of men most justly and universally distrusted, and who have hitherto controlled the Democratic party. Had Generals JOHNSON and EVANS and hundreds of their associates opposed as openly and frankly and strongly the many unquestionable wrongs done to the new citizens in the Southern States as they now approve the generous words of General BARTLETT, had they shown a hearty desire—and it was not difficult to show it—of cordial co-operation with honest and patriotic Republicans in the Northern States, they would have found a quick and satisfactory response. But the speeches made by WADE HAMPTON at the time of the nomination of SEYMOUR in 1868, and the tone of the Democratic National Convention, in which the Southern States took part, forbade patriotic men, when the simple alternative was the Republican or Democratic party, to hesitate for a moment in sustaining the former.

The Republican policy, which is denounced by the late Confederates—as, for instance, in FITZ HUGH LEE'S letter to General BARTLETT, approving his speech—as vengeance, was, in fact, not vengeance at all, but a policy which the conduct of the Southern leaders imposed upon the majority. And while we and, we venture to say, the great mass of Republicans sympathize to the utmost with the fraternal spirit and aspiration of the speeches of the soldiers upon both sides to which we have alluded, the practical question is, in what way can we all make those good wishes effective and promote that reconciliation? It is a question that we shall all have to answer practically in 1876, and to answer by deciding upon a simple alternative, as in 1868. Assuming that the Republican party will not renominate General GRANT, but will present some other Republican of the best character and type, we must then choose between the Republican and Democratic parties. If the ex-Confederate soldiers suppose that in sustaining the Republicans the intelligence and industry and character of this part of the country mean to declare for a policy of vengeance and to postpone reconciliation, they are profoundly mistaken. As the patriotic intelligence of the North knew during the war that the party of the Copperheads was not the party of a real peace, so it instinctively knows now that the same party is not one of a real reconciliation. It is the party of the cause that lost, not of that which won; and its success would be a disastrous surrender of the principles and policy which must mould and guide the new Union. Those ex-Confederate soldiers who are as sagacious as they are honestly desirous of lasting peace and fraternity will understand that the friends of the successful cause, and not its enemies, are its natural and proper guardians. The Democratic party was the party of slavery, and that having disappeared, the party has no further reason for existence. Whenever it calls itself the party of reform and progress and liberty and justice, its very existence is its difficulty. Honest seekers of reform might join a new organization, but they contemptuously reject for such a purpose the old organization of slavery, to which the Southern utterers of the "dirty froth," and all the old Northern Copperheads, and all the secret foes of the Union and of equal rights, still closely cling. It is not such a party which, in the closing words of General BARTLETT'S speech at Lexington, can secure for "every inch of this great country '*sub libertate* quietem.'"

THE CENTENNIAL YEAR.

THIS year a hundred years ago was so full of memorable events which have become household words, and the spirit of the first celebrations of the year was so high and impressive, that we may not only expect a series of most valuable Centennial observances, leading up to the commemoration of the great Declaration, but we may justly hope that the best national and patriotic feeling will be renewed and deepened. Fortunately the festivals are not confined to any part of the country. As the Continental Congress declared that the cause of America was the cause of human nature, so the whole country proclaimed, after the Boston Port Bill, that the cause of Boston was that of all the colonies. The war that began in Massachusetts ended in Virginia, and the independence that was declared for the united colonies by their Congress in Pennsylvania had been already conditionally resolved in a county convention of North Carolina. The 3d of May was the Centennial of the German Fusileers, the only surviving company of those which were organized in Charleston, South Carolina, when the news of the battles of Concord and Lexington was received. The story of ETHAN ALLEN, who summoned Ticonderoga in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress, has thrilled the heart of every American boy every where, and the anniversary of the surrender was the 10th of May. On the 16th of May Westmoreland County, in Pennsylvania, celebrates its protest of a century since against the wanton violation of the rights of the colonists by "a wicked ministry and a corrupt Parliament;" and on the 27th of May, 1775, was the pastoral skirmish upon Noddle's Island, now East Boston, and Hog Island, when the Americans destroyed great store of stock designed for the supply of the British—a battle in which WARREN was present and PUTNAM commanded. A British schooner was captured, and the regulars lost twenty killed and fifty wounded, while of the Americans but four men were slightly wounded.

In May also falls the centennial anniversary of the Mecklenburg Declaration. There have been always debate and doubt as to the date, but none of the fact of some kind of declaration. That a convention of delegates from the militia of the county met at Charlotte some time in May, 1775, is undisputed. The original book of records was destroyed in the year 1800, and there are affidavits as to the authenticity of certain copies of the document made by the clerk of the convention, which gives the 20th of May as the date of the Declaration, and makes some of its phrases very similar to those of the great Declaration of JEFFERSON. But Mr. BANCROFT, a very careful and thorough student, refrains from giving the date of the 20th, saying "some time in May;" and again he states that the resolutions were signed "before the month of May had come to an end," with a marginal "May 31." In his summary of the document Mr. BANCROFT follows the copy which Mr. PETER FORCE reproduces in the American archives as adopted on the 31st of May, and which has not the Jeffersonian phrases. In a note Mr. FORCE gives the affidavits and the copy of the alleged Declaration of the 20th of May. The county of Mecklenburg will celebrate the last as the true date, and has the authority of the General Assembly of North Carolina for so doing, that body in 1830 having approved the earlier date.

But the Mecklenburg Declaration has been made the subject of an exhaustive and conclusive monograph by President JAMES C. WELLING, of the Columbian College at Washington, read originally, we believe, before the Historical Society of New York, and published in the *North American Review* for April, 1874. Mr. WELLING cites all the documents, and gives a complete history of the affair, disposing entirely of Dr. HAWKS'S statements, who vigorously supported the claim of the earlier date and of the supposed Jeffersonian Declaration. He shows by a variety of evidence which is incontestable that the old men who testified to the fact of the action of the 20th of May really meant that of the 31st, and that the version of the alleged earlier document is merely the reminiscence of age of the undoubted paper of the 31st of May. We commend to our readers the manner in which this is done as an admirable specimen of clear and sound historical reasoning. Having shown that the alleged document of the 20th of May, the declaration of absolute independence, is mythical, Mr. WELLING proceeds to consider the actual paper of May 31. Nothing had ever been heard of the claim of the earlier paper until 1819. In December, 1838, Mr. PETER FORCE announced that he had found the resolutions of the 31st of May in the New York *Journal* of June 29, 1775, and again a condensed copy in the *Massachusetts Spy* of July 12 in the same year. In 1847 another copy was found in the *South Carolina Gazette* of June 13, 1775; and Mr. BANCROFT found another in the British State Paper Office, which had been transmitted by the colonial Governor of Georgia in the same year.

There is no doubt or suspicion of the authenticity of this document of May 31, while the alleged original of the earlier claim is acknowledged to have been destroyed, and the two alleged copies differ. Moreover, if such a declaration was made on the 20th of May, it was ignominiously abandoned eleven days afterward, for the paper of the 31st of May is but a conditional provision, to remain in force only until Great Britain resigns its unjust pretensions. The Mecklenburg Declaration is of high importance and interest as one of the practical responses to the news of the affair of Concord and Lexington, which reached Mecklenburg from Charleston, to which it had been sent by continuous express from New England, each committee indorsing upon it the day and hour of its receipt. The Mecklenburg action also solved the problem of the best policy of local administration to be adopted under the existing circumstances of the country, which, as Mr. WELLING states, was one of the most perplexing questions of the hour. It showed, moreover, how ripe and ready the colonies were for the Revolution. It was in no sense "the blind hysteric of the Celt." It was the perception of men of English descent, trained in English political traditions and accustomed to self-government, that the safeguards of their ancestral freedom were in danger, and must be defended at all hazards. WEBSTER said the Revolution was fought upon a preamble, but that preamble declared a principle which virtually enslaved the colonies. The orations and speeches at the Mecklenburg celebration will be awaited with peculiar interest, not only for their treatment of the historical question, but as an illustration of existing feeling.

ON A LATE SPECTACLE.

THE pomp and splendor, so far as the building permitted, with which the new cardinal received the insignia of his ecclesiastical rank were an imposing illustration of the character of the methods by which the Church of Rome maintains its ascendency. On a great day in St. Peter's at Rome, when the vast space is misty with incense, and all the glory of architecture, sculpture, music, painting, and gorgeous costume is blended with religious and æsthetic excitement, when the papal choir sings without the great door and the Vatican choir from within, and presently the huge portal opens, and the triple-crowned Pope, with raised hand of benediction, is borne upon men's shoulders, in his throne, and the barbaric flabella are carried at his side, while the Swiss Guard and the Pope's Guard and priests of every degree crowd around, and pilgrims from every land kneel upon the marble floor with bowed heads and beating hearts, the spectacle is doubtless unsurpassed. No Greek nor Roman nor Asiatic pageant was ever comparable to it. It is an admirable device not for making men better, but for holding them in subjection.

The plainness of a republic, the jealousy of ceremonial splendor, the insistence upon simplicity, are not meaningless. The Pope borne in dazzling state to his throne in St. Peter's, and President JEFFERSON tying his horse to the paling when he enters the Capitol to be sworn into office, both show the immense and mysterious power of forms—the reality of forms, and the consequent necessity, according to the purpose sought, of cultivating them or restraining them to the utmost. The appeal of Rome to the emotional nature is its strongest power. Through that it accomplishes its greatest and most remarkable results. The early Jesuit missions to Japan and to Canada, with the unspeakable crimes of the Spanish Inquisition, the most degrading and dreadful chapter in human history, illustrate the influence of this appeal. It is the character of organization and the subtle skill of management that explain such phenomena.

In this country, indeed, the Church of Rome, despite itself, feels the effect of modifying influences. As the ignorance of many of its adherents yields to instruction, a certain independence follows. In the degree that its members become American they are less Roman. And it is the perception of this truth which has stimulated the priestly assault upon the public schools. It is by no means shared by all Roman Catholics. The Jesuit Father WALKER furiously denounces Catholics who send their children to the public schools, because he knows that they are many, and that fury is indispensable to restrain the weaker hearted. "Why

should I send my children to the Sisters' school?" asked a poor Catholic mother; "they only learn to pray, and nothing else, and they can be taught to pray at Sunday-school." "But you will not have absolution," was the answer. "Very well; then I'll go without it." It is an exceptional case, but it shows a possibility, and it is to prevent such cases becoming the rule that the Roman Church means to withstand distinctively American influences with all its power; and that is the real moral of the recent spectacle of conferring the *berretta* upon the new cardinal.

His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of New York, Prince of the Roman Church, is, as the *Herald* truly says, in the eye of American law only Mr. JOHN M'CLOSKEY—nothing more, nothing less. But that a cardinal has been created in America shows that the full organization of the Church has been completed here. And it is the only Church in the United States which is political, which uses its religious and ecclesiastical influence for political ends. The doctrine of the head of that Church, acknowledged to be infallible by his followers, is that the Church ought to control the state. The union of Church and state and the supremacy of the Church are the political policy of Rome. Individual church members, like the Catholic parent we have mentioned, like Father HYACINTHE, like Dr. DÖLLINGER, may protest. But the vast and inexorable organization sweeps over them resistlessly. They conform, or they are excommunicated. The purpose and methods of the Roman Church are not to be judged by the sweetness and gentleness of our individual Catholic friends. Mr. M'CLOSKEY is described as a mild and amiable man. Is the historic Roman Church a mild and amiable institution? Is the overthrow of the American public-school system a mild and amiable policy?

In a speech on the 10th of March, 1873, BISMARCK truly described the political attitude of the Church of Rome:

> "The papacy has ever been a political power which with the greatest audacity and with most momentous consequences has interfered in the affairs of this world, which has striven after such encroachment, and held this in view as its programme. That programme is well understood. The goal which, like the Frenchman's dream of an unbroken Rhine boundary, floats before the papal power, the programme which in the time of the mediæval emperors was near its realization, is the subjection of the civil power to the ecclesiastical: a high political aim, an endeavor, which, however, is as old as humanity, since there have always been either shrewd men or actual priests who have put forth the pretension that the will of God was more intimately known to them than to their fellows, and that upon the ground of this pretension they had a right to rule their fellows; and that this position is the basis of the papal pretension to sovereignty is well known."

The splendor of the late ceremony was calculated to impress the mass of Catholics with the visible magnificence and power of their Church, and to give additional prestige to the hierarchy which seeks the destruction of the schools. Let intelligent Americans admire as they will the beautiful dresses and the fine spectacle, and resolve all the more strongly to prevent the cardinal from becoming superintendent of the public schools.

HEARING BEFORE STRIKING.

THE late report that the President wished to appoint General BUTLER Attorney-General of the United States, but was overruled, was eagerly caught up by the papers that are so anxious to find offenses in his conduct that they sometimes seem to invent them, and various moral lessons were drawn from the awful fact as illustrating the total depravity of the Administration and of the Republican party. The story was wholly false. The President did not offer the place to BUTLER, did not mean to offer it, and had no other intention than to appoint Judge PIERREPONT, an appointment which has been received with universal satisfaction and approval. The real moral lesson of the incident is this, that readers of newspapers should remember that any journal which takes up a strongly hostile position to a public man snatches at every thing which seems to justify its enmity, and that the reporters and correspondents of such journals are strongly tempted to supply what they know is warmly desired. Indeed, this is so true that many sagacious readers unconsciously discredit what they see of certain men in certain papers until there is some corroboration of the tale. On the other hand, there is often a fashion of abuse and suspicion which inclines many persons to believe every man in public position to be a knave until he establishes his honesty.

The abuse of the power of the press is as perilous as its just use is advantageous. Nothing is easier than to put innocent men into the falsest and most ridiculous positions by a skillful employment of innuendo and assumption. There are undoubtedly a great many persons at this moment who think, or think that they think, Mr. DELANO, the Secretary of the Interior, to be a corrupt officer. That he has not resigned is regarded by them as shameless effrontery, and the President's refusal to demand his resignation is denounced as a kind of compounding of felony. Mr. DELANO may be a great rascal, and so may Mr. BRISTOW and Mr. FISH. Indeed, we have read in newspapers that Mr. FISH's action as Secretary of State upon certain great questions was determined by his family interest, and indirectly by pecuniary considerations! Now what evidence has been offered that Mr. DELANO is guilty of corruption, or that in not requesting his resignation the President is winking at flagrant dishonesty? When this paper is issued some proof of these assertions may have been presented, but up to this time of writing the country is asked to believe that one of the high officers of the government is totally disgraced, and upon no other evidence than an assertion in a newspaper precisely like the allegation that the President wished to appoint General BUTLER Attorney-General.

That there are immense opportunities for fraud among the great variety of transactions which are confided to the Interior Department is well known. Indian affairs are notoriously full of such chances. The report in regard to the Secretary is that his son, the late chief clerk of the department, has been guilty of frauds of which the Secretary must have been aware. We say nothing of the chief clerk. The stories may be true. He may be guilty, and his father may be an accessory. But we are not required to believe charges merely because they have been printed in the newspapers, nor because they may hereafter be proved to be well founded. As yet the assertions are anonymous accusations without any other substantiation than the common remark that "it is well known," and "for a long time it has been suspected," etc., etc. But as yet they are assertions only, while the Secretary has been denounced for not resigning, and the President for not turning him out, as if something criminal had been established. When something is known we hope not to be slow in expressing our opinion. It is only fair to remember that the interests confided to the Interior Department are so many and so various that it does not necessarily follow that the Secretary must be cognizant of the irregularities of his subordinates, although they may be so serious that, as the responsible head, he should resign his position. Nor is it necessary to suppose great and general fraud because of individual offenses, although there is no doubt that at this time the discovery of knavery in any of the departments among any of the chief officers would, with other circumstances, and to persuade the public that the Administration itself should be changed. It would be a very serious blow to the Republican party, as the Interior frauds under the last Democratic Secretary of the department, JACOB THOMPSON, hastened the overthrow of the Democratic party. But honorable men will not condemn until they have some kind of evidence; and if the evidence is of a kind that can not be submitted to them, they will naturally wait until somebody who knows it has decided upon its merits. The readiness and even eagerness to believe the worst of every public man are among the bad signs of the times.

THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF THE DEPUTY-COMPTROLLER.

THE attempt upon the life of Mr. EARLE, the Deputy-Comptroller of the city of New York, and the light manner in which it was mentioned by papers hostile to Mr. GREEN, the Comptroller, show the character of the enmity which pursues that officer, against whom almost every charge has been brought except that of dishonesty. The occurrence merits more than a passing thought, for public ruffians and their abettors in the press would gladly see competent and honorable men repelled from taking important but unpleasant offices by reason of the personal peril to which official fidelity would expose them. The present case was this: A man named DUFFY had what he called a claim against the city, which he asserted had been due to him for more than two years, and which he had vainly sought to have settled. The Deputy Comptroller told him that the Comptroller was not in, and requested him to call again, upon which the man drew a pistol and twice snapped it at the Deputy, but without a discharge. Mr. EARLE grappled with him, and upon the man's arrest four balls were found in the revolver. It would seem that nothing could be clearer than the murderous intent with which the assault was made. Yet as the man was actually employed at the time in one of the courts, the poor excuse of desperation at his deferred claim is wanting.

It has been suggested, and not without plausibility, that the would-be assassin was the tool of unscrupulous enemies of the Comptroller, and relied upon their assistance to "pull him through" the courts. There is, indeed, no doubt that there are enemies of that officer who would shrink from no method of putting him out of the way; and this is not the first time that an attempt at assassination has been made in his office. In every way efforts have been made to create a profound public prejudice against him. He has been accused of vexatious delays in the settlement of claims, of an avaricious grasping at power, and of the ambition of making himself a "dictator." But that he has stolen the public money, or wasted it, or defrauded any honest creditor of the city has not been alleged. Excessive and even extravagant caution may certainly be forgiven to an officer who succeeded the Tammany Ring in charge of the city treasury; and the continued confidence of Governor TILDEN in Comptroller GREEN will be accepted by those who know the Governor's familiarity with city finances and with the officer himself as conclusive evidence of his fitness and character when opposed to the adverse testimony of the old and new Tammony Rings.

PERSONAL.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL EMORY UPTON will on the 1st of July next be relieved from duty as Commandant of Cadets at West Point, in accordance with the customary routine of the service. For four years past Colonel UPTON has discharged the arduous and responsible duties of that position; and it is not too much to say that, in the history of the Military Academy from 1802 to the present time, no Commandant of Cadets has made a more honorable and successful record than he. Colonel UPTON was one of the foremost of the young officers who had just graduated at the outbreak of the rebellion, and before he was thirty had fairly won his star as a brigadier-general of volunteers and his rank in the regular service as a lieutenant-colonel of artillery. After the war he produced his work on tactics, which was adopted as the standard authority of the United States army and of the volunteer organizations of the several States. No officer of any service, at home or abroad, had ever produced at his age a work which, after a most thorough and searching examination by the ablest and most experienced tacticians in every branch of the army, had been decided to be the best for its future instruction and discipline.

—JOAQUIN MILLER a few days ago sent from Italy to a gentleman in this city an Italian paper in which was a notice of Mr. BRET HARTE's *Luck of Roaring Camp*. The title of the book was translated, *La Fortuna de la Campo Clamoroso*. Superb! Sounds like an opera. In the same paper were translations of certain American phrases, General SCOTT's "hasty plate of soup" being "quick! a plate of soup!" and the designation given to Colonel BENTON as "Old Bullion," "Old Bouillon."

—Preaching is regarded as a good thing to do among titled people in England. The Marquis of Cholmondely has been preaching at St. George's Hall, London, and so has the Earl of Cavan, who is likewise assisting regularly at the meetings of Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY. Lord RADSTOCK has also been preaching in England, but has transferred his labors to St. Petersburg.

—Among the minute-men who rallied from Connecticut a hundred years ago were Lieutenant NOAH GRANT, of Coventry, grandfather of the President; Captain M'CLELLAN, of Woodstock, grandfather of General GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN; and Captain JOHN ADAMS, whose grandson, Rev. Dr. WILLIAM ADAMS, delivered the notable address at the Lexington Centennial.

—Judge HERSCHEL V. JOHNSON, of Georgia, who in 1860 was the candidate of the Democratic party for the Vice-Presidency, on the DOUGLAS ticket, and who in the following year was one of the eighty-nine delegates of the Georgia Convention (ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS was another) who openly denounced and voted against secession, in a recent charge to the Grand Jury of Tatnall County, in that State, said: "I speak not as a judge, but as a Georgian. My course is almost run. I have nothing in the way of political honors to look forward to. All that I wish is to be useful in the position which I occupy. We have a Herculean task before us if we want the rising generation to be any thing. Money is not all. We may accumulate the riches of Golconda, and what will it all be to our children if they are destitute of character and principle? I may awaken the censure of some by this digression from a judicial charge; but if I can be instrumental in sewing some good seed that may spring up and grow, I will welcome their censures. Let us do our duty, and leave this world with the satisfaction that we have not lived in vain."

—Mr. BERESFORD HOPE, an M.P. who is especially noted for his wealth, has written to Governor KEMPER, of Virginia, asking if that State will accept the statue of "Stonewall" JACKSON, which was paid for by a voluntary subscription organized in England among persons who admired the character of the man.

—Many Western papers having stated that Mr. JOHN HAY is about to abandon New York and solid comfort for the uncertain and horrible life of a newspaper man in the West, the *Tribune* takes occasion to say that the statement is absurdly inaccurate. Mr. HAY has been for four years and now is a stockholder, trustee, and editorial writer in the *Tribune*. He does not propose to relinquish any of those positions. No sensible man who has become a father ever thinks of leaving New York.

—Princes, especially those of the house of BOURBON, are more gracious than they were in the olden time, when the novelist and the newspaper man had not come to the front in the manly, self-assertive way that distinguishes them in our day. Thus VICTOR HUGO describes a recent visit paid to him by the Duc d'Aumale when the latter was a candidate for the French Academy. The old writer was apparently not insensible to the tacit flattery of the Duc's cordial manners. They talked of the Commune, and his Highness expressed a great deal of pity for the honest men led into that sad adventure, and discussed the "siege fever" with a calm and lenient philosophy. The poet was asked if he returned the visit of his Royal Highness. "No," he said. "It is my rule never to return any visit, and I could not break it for the Duc d'Aumale, prince though he be; but when he lost his last son, the Duc de Guise, I felt deeply touched. I remembered the loss of my own son CHARLES, and I forthwith posted off to the Duc's residence and subscribed my name on the visitors' book, adding beneath, *Pater viduus patri doloroso.*"

—The new Episcopal Bishop of Niagara, a diocese in Canada opposite Buffalo, is Rev. Dr. FULLER, recently archdeacon. Dr. FULLER is probably the wealthiest bishop in America, his fortune being estimated at a million of dollars. And he is a very good man too, one of the "worthies."

—Mr. CORCORAN, of Washington, who diverts himself by giving away money to deserving institutions, has sent five thousand dollars to the Orphan Asylum at Charleston, South Carolina, an establishment of twenty-five years' standing, and now in straitened circumstances.

—JULIAN HAWTHORNE, who saw the late Oxford and Cambridge race, says there were but two men among the winning oarsmen who would be considered acquisitions to a good Harvard crew. If that be true, we suppose that the Columbia men wouldn't take the two at any price.

—Vice-President WILSON recently visited General JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE, accompanied by ex-Congressman BECK, General PRESTON, Colonel J. STODDARD JOHNSTON, and Colonel W. C. P. BRECKINRIDGE. The meeting of the two men is said to have been very affecting, and they were left by themselves for half an hour.

—Mr. ROBERT BONNER gives $100,000 to Rev. Dr. HALL's new church on Fifth Avenue.

—A sensation was created in London on the 5th inst. at the Christian Convention held in the Haymarket Theatre, where SOTHERN is playing Garrick in the evenings. At the convention held in the morning there appeared on the stage Mr. MOODY, the American revivalist, who was chosen chairman; Canon BATTERSLEY, of Carlisle; Canon FREEMANTLE, chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury; Lord CHOLMONDELY, and many hundreds of clergymen of the Established and other Churches. It was a better performance than *Garrick*, and drew better.

—It is said in art circles that GUSTAVE DORÉ will receive $50,000 for illustrating Messrs. CASSELL's superb pictorial edition of Shakspeare.

—Professor SEELYE, one of the most accomplished scholars of England, whose work, published in 1869, *Ecce Homo: a Survey of the Life and Work of Jesus Christ*, passed rapidly through several editions, and created much excitement among theologians and scientists, in a recent address before the Workingmen's College, in London, advised his hearers, as a rule, not to study Greek and Latin, which in nine cases out of ten turned out to be valueless to those who devoted even a good deal of time to their study. In preference to the ancient classics he would recommend them to study English classics, and to select MILTON or SHAKSPEARE for a model.

—Among some valuable documents recently discovered among the waste paper in the Treasury Department at Washington are original letters and accounts of SILAS DEANE, the Connecticut diplomatist, who was sent by Congress to France as a political and financial agent of America, and who subsequently, with B. FRANKLIN and ARTHUR LEE, negotiated the treaty of friendship and alliance with France. There are also letters from FRANKLIN, JOHN JAY, ROBERT MORRIS, and BEAUMARCHAIS, and the original agreement under the terms of which LAFAYETTE gave his aid to the patriots during our Revolution.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE steamer *Schiller*, of the Eagle line, which sailed from this port April 28, was wrecked in a fog, off Scilly Isles, on the night of the 7th inst. Two hundred passengers are reported to have been lost.

The number of immigrants who arrived at this port during April last was 13,470, of whom 8035 were males and 5436 females. Of English there were 2568, Irish 3621, and Germans 3903. The total shows a falling off from April, 1874, of 5065.

The steamer *St. Luke*, bound from Leavenworth, Kansas, to St. Louis, Missouri, struck a bridge twenty-five miles below the latter city, and sank immediately in fifteen feet of water. Several passengers were drowned.

The New York State Assembly passed the Senate Removal Bill on the 7th by a vote of 103 to 1.

The coal miners on strike in the Pennsylvania regions show no disposition to yield, and many acts of intimidation by them are reported.

FOREIGN NEWS.

MINISTER CUSHING telegraphs that the entire amount of the *Virginius* indemnity fund—$80,000—has been paid to him by the Spanish government. The original agreement was that the money should be paid in three periods of two months each, but the Spaniards have voluntarily settled before the time.

King Alfonso received the papal nuncio on the 4th. He said he was aware of his duties of gratitude and affection to the Holy Father, and should fulfill them.

Bismarck's life has again been threatened. A working engineer residing in the suburbs of Berlin has been arrested while prowling around the Prince's house. A loaded pistol was found in his pocket. He was arrested, and temporarily placed in a lunatic asylum. Rumors of alarming plots are prevalent, and the police are exceedingly vigilant.

In the Lower House of the Prussian Diet, on the 7th, the bill for the suppression of religious orders had its first reading.

The Prince-Bishop of Breslau has been found guilty of violating the ecclesiastical laws of Prussia. He has accordingly been removed, and conducted to the Bohemian frontier.

A revolution broke out in Port-au-Prince on the 2d inst. General Brice was dragged from church and shot, and two foreigners were accidentally killed. Buildings were fired, and every species of disorder prevailed for a day, but the outbreak was soon quelled.

The revolution which began at Michoacan, Mexico, in consequence of the publication of Church reforms and of the expulsion of the Sisters of Charity, is extending and gaining ground in other states. Michoacan is suffering greatly. All business is paralyzed, and the inhabitants are leaving. The village of Jucuba has been pillaged and burned.

The Emperor of Brazil, in opening the regular session of the Chambers, on the 5th, said he believed the Pope, fully appreciating the circumstances which compelled the government to adopt repressive measures in the dioceses of Olinda and Para, would do his utmost to restore harmony. If not, the Chambers must enact the necessary laws.

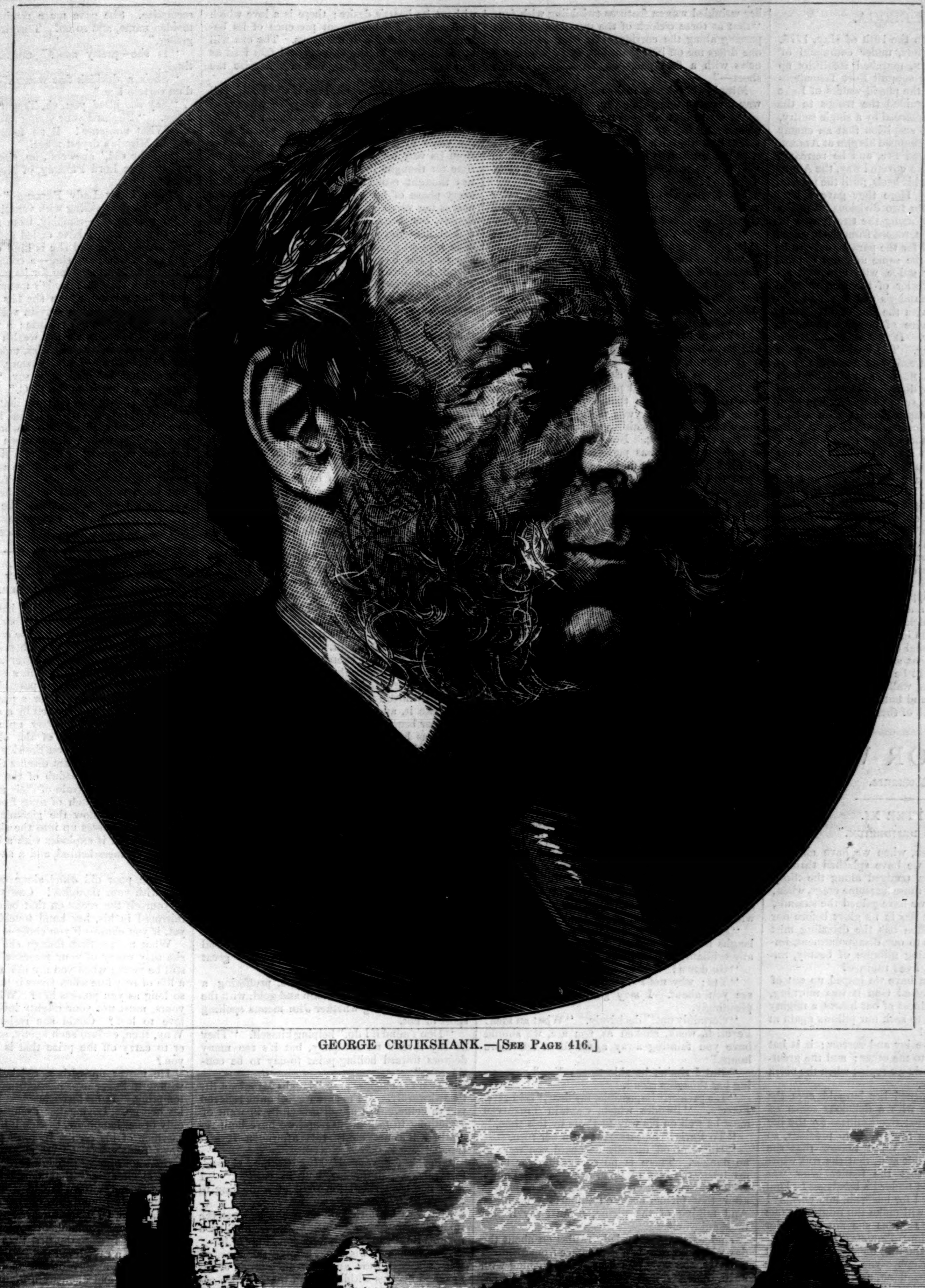
THE PLAYFELLOWS.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

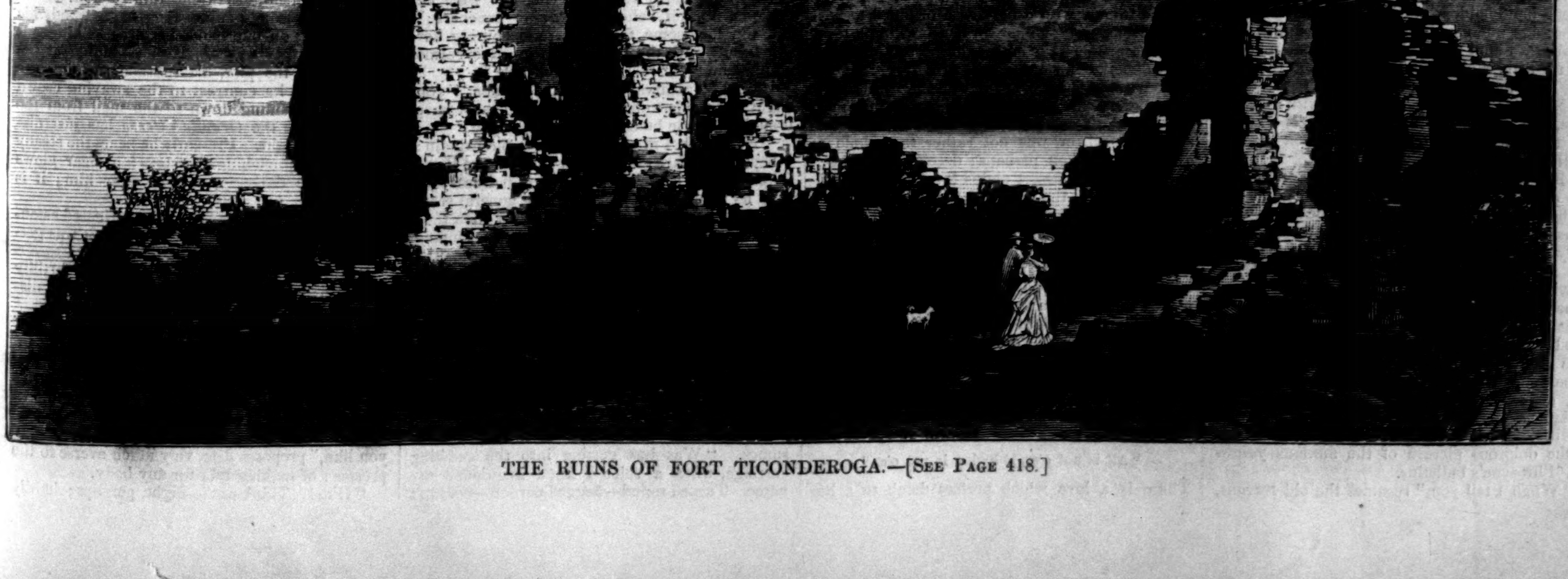
This veteran artist, whose portrait is given on the next page, was born in London September 27, 1792. As the son of a clever water-color painter and caricaturist, he had a hereditary claim to artistic gifts, which began to develop themselves while he was still a very young lad. He was first employed when a boy in illustrating children's books and cheap editions of popular songsters. Disappointed in an attempt to enter the Art School of the Royal Academy, owing to the difficulty of finding accommodations for all who applied for admission, he turned his attention to that branch of art in which he has won such high and enduring fame, that of caricature. He was an ardent liberal, and many of his caricatures were political. Among other publications he illustrated a series of squibs on the public and private life of the Prince Regent, and the marriage and trial of Queen Caroline. After this he occupied himself with the production of a series of plates to illustrate *Life in London*, with the object of warning young men against the consequences of what is called "seeing life;" but the moral aim of the artist was not kept in view by the writer of the accompanying letter-press, and Cruikshank abandoned the work before it was completed. From 1824, for nearly thirty years, he produced a great number of works exhibiting the highest qualities of comic genius. His illustrations to Grimm's German stories, to the *Sketches by Boz*, and to *Oliver Twist* are among his most widely known and most popular works.

From the first Cruikshank showed a strong tendency to make his genius contribute to the cause of morality. His series of eight pictures, called "The Bottle," published in 1847, powerfully depicted the evils of intemperance. Becoming a convert to the principle of total abstinence from intoxicating liquors, he has for many years, as an artist and lecturer, been one of the ablest advocates of the temperance cause. Of late years he has produced a large number of excellent paintings in oil, but his fame rests on his caricatures and his other illustrations.

A large number of Mr. Cruikshank's friends recently met at his house to celebrate his silver wedding—it ought to have been his golden, as he is eighty-three. Mr. S. C. Hall, in proposing the painter's health, hinted that his personal friends were desirous of making a more public recognition of their regard both for the artist and his works. In reply Mr. Cruikshank said he had long hoped to have been in the position to present to the nation a collection of those works which he himself most valued as being most likely to be useful to the young men of the country, and, as he had never been able to lay up money himself, he would be glad if his friends could purchase his collection and present it to the nation, free admission for visitors at all times being secured.



GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.—[See Page 416.]



THE RUINS OF FORT TICONDEROGA.—[See Page 418.]

TICONDEROGA.

Just before dawn on the 10th of May, 1775, a small band of patriots, under command of Colonel Ethan Allen, marched stealthily up the height from whose summit Fort Ticonderoga looked down upon the placid waters of Lake Champlain. A boy guided the troops to the sally-port, which was guarded by a single sentry, the garrison having no suspicion that an enemy was near. The sentry snapped his gun at Allen, but it fortunately missed fire, and he retreated within the fort through a covered way, the Americans following close at his heels, until the parade-ground was reached. Here they gave a loud shout, and filing off into two divisions, formed a line of forty men each along the two ranges of barracks. The garrison, roused from sleep, seized their arms and rushed for the parade, only to be made prisoners. At the same moment Colonel Allen, with the boy guide, who was well acquainted with the interior of the fort, went to the door of the commander's quarters, and giving three loud raps with the hilt of his sword, ordered him, in a voice of peculiar power, to appear and surrender. It was now about four o'clock in the morning. The loud shout of the attacking party had already awakened the commander, Captain Delaplace, and his wife, both of whom sprang to the door just as Allen made his demand. Delaplace and Allen had been old friends, and the captain, putting on a bold face, demanded his disturber's errand. Allen pointed to his men, and sternly exclaimed, "I order you instantly to surrender!" "By what authority do *you* demand it?" said Delaplace. "In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!" thundered Allen. The captain probably thought the eighty determined and well-armed men quite sufficient authority. The little garrison of forty-eight soldiers was commanded to parade without arms, and a formal surrender of the fort was made.

By this bold achievement a large supply of military stores fell into the hands of the patriots, and was used in equipping the army then gathering at Cambridge and Roxbury. It was an important event, notwithstanding the small number of men engaged on either side, and was well worthy of the centennial celebration it received. It is to be deplored that so little remains of the old structure. As will be seen by our illustration on page 417, the walls have crumbled almost entirely away, and but few years will pass before scarcely a trace of them will be left.

WARD OR WIFE?

A Romance.

CHAPTER XI.

"AMORIS DESIDERIUM."

Ah me! how often, when we have climbed our mountain, when we have splashed through the mire and morass, trudged along the flinty path, crawled over all those fearsome crags, when, weary and foot-sore, we have gained the summit, and the fair prospect lies in its glory before our joyous eyes—how often has the drizzling mist swept up, and left us to our disappointment, imbittered by that fleeting glimpse of beauty, imbittered by our short-lived rapture!

Ah me! how often have we leaped up out of happy sleep, and blessed God it was morning, and felt, from the fullness of our hearts, a mighty love for all men, but to seek our pillows again at even-tide in sadness!

Very near akin are joy and sorrow; it is but a step from the one to the other; and the greater the joy, the more do we repine when the black cloud gathers over it.

Minnie Goring opened her languid eyes the day after the picnic with a delicious sense of well-being, with a great thankfulness for the life that seemed, for the first time, so precious, so enjoyable a treasure. What matter that the strong young limbs felt stiff, that the soft white skin was fevered, that the tender brow was swollen, and throbbed under its bandages? Had not all this purchased for her—oh, how cheaply!—the memory that will make the future but one dream of happiness? Was she not still under the charm of the "lune d'amour?"

Breakfast things jingling outside—a knock at the door—enter Euphrosyne, her gray locks swathed up in gay bandana, as of yore.

"You dear old thing, 'Phrosyne!" cries Minnie; "so you've come to take care of me?"

"Ah, mon Dieu! quel malheur!" groans the ancient handmaiden, putting down her tray by the bedside, and bending over the chestnut hair; "I almost found myself badly when one told me that my little Ma'amselle Minnie was at the agony. Dieu merci! she is not dead, la pauvrette!"

"Not yet, 'Phrosyne," she says, with a bright smile, her eyes following the fussy preparations that remind her so vividly of the good time in the Rue St. Dominique.

"Eh, fi donc, la vieille! The beautiful subject of conversation!" continues the garrulous bandana. "One would say to one's self that Monsieur the Curé was mounting the stairs already with the holy sacraments. La mort, pardi! When this morning all those ladies are gnawing themselves the fists that that villainous branch has not spoilt you the face! When last night there was not a minute that I was not obseded by a mass of beautiful young men, who were demanding of me, the tears in the eyes, 'Goes she better, dear Euphrosyne?' 'Sleeps she, good Euphrosyne?' 'Suffers she much, madame?'"

Minnie nearly spills her chocolate for laughing at the dolorous picture of the anxious youths and 'Phrosyne's bulletins.

"When I tell you," resumes the old servant, her wrinkled waxen features twinkling with fun, "that at three o'clock of the morning, as I was passing along the corridor, one pounces on me, one drags me off into the salon, one asks me the news with a face pale—ah, tenez, pale as this sheet—"

Minnie's cheeks, to make up for that, straightway present a tolerable imitation of the peony.

"I say to him, all goes well; there is nothing of serious; the wound will leave no mark; the fever has diminished itself; she sleeps. He slips me a napoleon in the hand, and says me, in English, 'Gobblessyou, old girl; you a breeck. TankGod!'"

She knows who it was, with the foolish color mantling under her downy skin; she knows well enough, with his kisses still burning on her lips.

"Ah, holy Virgin!" chatters on 'Phrosyne; "how he loves you, that one!"

"Which one?" very unconcernedly, from the depths of the pillow.

"She asks me which one!" throwing up her hands to an imaginary audience. "But, without doubt, that beautiful Mistare Denn! Eh-he-e?"

A moment's pause.

"You can take away now, Euphrosyne;" and she turns her face to the wall.

It was not, then, Jim who kept anxious watch through the long hours she lay unconscious; it was not *his* cheek that paled with suspense; it was not *his* gratitude that went up to heaven when fear of danger was past. It was Regy, down in that salon, waiting for news in the cold gray of the morning. Not the man she loves—not the man who has perfected the handiwork of Nature by lighting up its beauty with the glory of that love. It was Regy—"that jolly fellow Dane"—the man she likes immensely; the best fun possible for a rattling galop, and decorous scuffle to follow behind the azaleas in the conservatory.

A grievous disappointment for some lengthy minutes. Presently she begins to think she may possibly be magnifying the proverbial mole-hill. After all, wasn't Jim most likely a prey to deepest misery all night over at No. 15? and was it probable that Regy's successive s.-and-b.'s tasted any the worse, or that his Partagas lost aught of their flavor, through that nocturnal vigil, to which, moreover, goodness knew, he was pretty well inured? And lastly, wouldn't Jim be round at the hotel immediately to ask after her, and hadn't she better begin dressing?

I fear me she found the clasping of those brawny arms so pleasant that she had a mind to give them another chance, and try whether the being in full possession of her faculties would deprive such situation of any of its charm. At all events, she rang the bell, and asked to see Mrs. Ferrers.

"And how is my poor little patient this morning?" inquires the colonel's wife, in dulcet tones, imprinting a maternal salute on Minnie's hot cheek.

"Oh, I'm *quite* well, thanks, now," asseverates the bed, with decision. "Indeed, there is nothing at all the matter with me, except this stupid bump."

Mrs. Ferrers takes off the bandages tenderly, and inspects the discolored, broken, swollen skin with deep compassion.

"Sha'n't I look a fright when I go down?" laughs Minnie. "All yellow and blue—generally brilliant, in fact, like a wild Indian."

"Go down!" repeats the other, aghast.

"Yes; why not? That's what I wanted to see you about. I *may* go down, mayn't I?" pleadingly.

"Certainly not!" decisively. "What an idea! Feverish, weak, shaken as you are, we should have you fainting away again for a few more hours."

"But I sha'n't be able to see Jim," expressing her thoughts aloud.

"It's perfectly impossible, my dear," said Mrs. Ferrers. "Besides which, Captain Tregarvan must be well on his way to Paris by this time."

"To Paris!" repeats Minnie in her turn.

"He went off directly he heard you were in no danger. There is no accounting for men, my love; the best of them are dreadfully silly. Fancy his rushing off like that, tired as he was after that picnic, even on important business. And talking of the picnic, I must say it was most enjoyable."

And as the worthy lady rattles on about the day which no time can ever efface from Minnie's memory, the poor pretty head is throbbing with swift thoughts that whirl through it at the announcement of Jim's departure. He has left Malaise, left *her* the very morrow after those impassioned moments in the woods! Can it be, she thinks, with a fiery rush of blood to her pale cheeks, that she has, in her new-found love for him, mistaken the natural anxiety of a guardian's affection for the caress of a lover? Can she have imagined the sound of the words that greeted her ears, the look in the eyes that met hers when she woke from her swoon? Did she awake at all, or was not rather the whole a dream? Mistaken, perhaps; deceived, perhaps; but even as on desert plains the false beautiful mirage doubles the thirst of the wretched travelers by giving them a reflected view of the cool streams far beyond, so here the mirage of love has done its work, and Minnie longs, with a mighty longing that fevers her blood and keeps her in that little bed for many weary days, for a draught from the ambrosial river that seemed so near in the twilight one summer's eve.

Yet somehow the days *do* pass, for all that they drag out their torpid length so slowly; and Minnie finds herself constrained to abandon her new-formed idea of an effective and premature decease very much sooner than she could have thought possible.

"All is not o'er, if loving is not o'er."

There is a love which prefers death to a life without its heart's desire; there is a love which prefers even the indifferent presence of its beloved to the oblivion of the grave. The one will have all or none; the other would fain feed as royally, but, failing that, will not despise the crumbs.

Minnie Goring can not, even if she would, call back the precious gift so freely, so wholly, so vainly given. Never another shall rouse this intensity of love, this strong sad yearning, in the years to come. Her passion is the deeper from its very hopelessness. There is plenty of time for thought in a sick-room, and there she has thought much: she has recalled to mind every phase of her relations with the man who now is her very all; she has tried to combat her doubts, her fears, and she despairs. She has staked life—the *really living* she deems impossible without great love—and she has lost. But she *will* not lose him entirely; he will be her friend, her dearest friend, always; and she—she will bury her love in the silent depths of her heart till the great Day, when all secrets shall be known, and all passions stilled forever.

So the days pass away, and she lives through them as best she can. And Regy Dane, having secured her gratitude by his kindly endurance of all her thousand moods, by his unwearied exertions to please her in the slightest thing, by his well-judged inaction at this crisis of his suit, becomes more necessary to her with every morning of her loneliness. He never once suspects her feelings toward Jim; but her manner tells him there is something in the air that portends any thing but plain sailing for him, and he has tact enough to see that courtship and matrimony are topics likely to be distasteful to her just now, and to act accordingly; which wily conduct gains him much ground proportionately.

At last, one glaring afternoon, Dane, stretched full length on the hot sand, is watching Minnie at her paint-box and easel in the shade of some rocks, lazily doing a weed, and wondering how soon he shall make up his mind to take his chance, and ask her *the* question.

"Wilt thou, Minnie," he thinks, "have this man to thy wedded husband?" and aloud, "I wonder if you will—"

"How can you doubt it?" answers Minnie, with malice aforethought.

"—Give me that sketch?" finishing his sentence artfully, despite the great leap at his heart when he pictures to himself that sweet, proud face lit up with love for him.

"Take it, and welcome," she says, throwing down her brush; "I'm sick of it."

And as he takes it eagerly from her hand, a black shadow falls across the paper.

"Hullo, here you are!" cries the intruder. "How de do, Min? All right again? That's a good child. How do, Dane?"

Minnie turns crimson at the touch of his fingers, and then dead white.

"Is that *you*, Jim?" as if doubting it were *his* voice, with so jolly, so paternal a ring in it.

"Yes, Min; safe and sound. Got back at last, you see." And seeing the hot blood in her cheek, "Spoilt a spooney tête-à-tête, I fancy," he thinks, with one of the old pangs of bitter jealousy.

But he has not come back to sit at this woman's feet, and suffer such feelings to undo the stern work that has cost him so much. His sad eyes and set lips attest plain enough how great has been that cost.

"Have a smoke?" says Dane, proffering a small portmanteau of seal-skin and gold, with the view of discovering whether Jim means spoiling sport or not.

"Don't mind if I do," helping himself. "They *do* say three's no company, but it's too many degrees toward boiling-point to-day to be considerate."

"Don't apologize, pray," laughs Minnie, a little awkwardly. "I'm sure we feel quite relieved you've come. We are disgracefully in want of something to talk about; and we have both remarked it's not chilly this afternoon several times."

"Speak for yourself, Miss Goring, please," from Regy, half in jest, half in earnest. "I have not been silent for want of something to talk about."

She tries hard to look as if she had not the smallest conception of his meaning, and, as a natural result, looks painfully conscious of it.

Jim, supine on his back, catches the effect of Regy's speech from an observant corner of his eye, and decides within himself that the two are on the brink of matrimony; a decision to which he has twenty times arrived, and which he has as often triumphantly refuted. But this time he has put himself voluntarily "hors concours;" and the handsome figure there, devouring her soft beauty with the intensity of its gaze, seems no unfit mate for this daughter of Eve.

"Well, Tregarvan," continues Dane, "you ought to be able to help us on. You must have brought a whole budget of news with you."

"Not much, I'm afraid," returns the captain: "beyond the fact that the last thing at the Porte Saint-Martin contains more legs and less wit than its predecessor, that people in general seem to spend more and earn less this year than they did last, that Paris is just thinking of running down to Baden, and that the Prince Imperial has had the toothache, there is a lamentable poverty of news."

"Not even a railway accident?" with desultory loquacity, still indulging his steady eyes.

"Not even that," answers Jim. "Stay, though; there *was* one, if my meeting an old flame of mine in the train can be called so."

Minnie pricks up her ears, and begins playing with her rings, her chain, her locket.

"I never should have known her," he resumes. "Was just getting into the smoking carriage, when a voice I knew mentioned my name. Turned round—begged pardon—couldn't recognize. She gave me a reminder or two—maiden name, and so on. Traveled to Paris together."

"Is she—pretty *now?*" murmured, hesitatingly.

"She's a devilish fine woman"—puff—"but d'un certain âge."

"Say she jilted you, eh, Tregarvan?" laughs Regy. "Blighted your young affections?"

"What nonsense! Il ne faudrait plus que ça," in Minnie's dryest tones.

"So she did," answers Jim, simply. "Married the late Lord Pursang, of blessed memory, instead."

"You know Lady Pursang!" exclaims his ward, her eyes flashing with vexation.

"I believe so"—amiably, from a dense cloud—"at all events, I have called at her hôtel several times lately, and she is kind enough to accuse me of being amusing—a compliment which is none the less flattering for its mendacity."

A vision rises in Minnie's memory of a statuesque fair woman, whom she has passed in the Park, reclining with a certain voluptuous grace in her well-appointed victoria; a woman whom the world tolerates for her wealth and title, but about whom sundry chronicles, more or less scandalous, are afloat—Lady Pursang, in fine, whose lord and master died, they say, "only just in time to save her from the D. C."

And it is with this creature that Jim has been flirting; this is she whom he has been doing his best to "amuse;" while one who loves him so passionately, poor fool, has been fostering her love, and dreaming of him, in a sick-room.

If she could but have known with what contempt he, whose thoughts were full of her, met that same middle-aged naughtiness, how slight was their conversation, what the stern resolve that is prompting his exaggerations! But she can not, and must suffer in silence.

CHAPTER XII.

SUITOR AND LOVER.

A fortnight after. Jim has been dining with the Ferrerses; feeling neither in the mood to talk cavalry or politics with the colonel, listen to the amiable platitudes of his hostess, nor endure the sight of Dane leaning over a certain white shoulder, and whispering into a certain tiny ear on the balcony he knows passably well, he has exchanged swallow-tails for a pea-jacket, under cover of which, and solaced by a clay of deepest dye, he paces meditatively up and down the weather-beaten planks of the old black pier; stopping now to lean over the side and watch the crew of the night-packet discuss their suppers to the monotonous rubadub of the panting steam and the creaking strain of their moorings; now to listen to a snatch of song from the opposite wharf, or to follow the gleaming course of a rocket as it hisses up into the sky from the El Dorado, until it explodes with a bang, leaving a strange stillness behind, and a shower of golden stars.

Alone, poor old Jim! alone on the deserted pier with your thoughts! Can you not picture to yourself the scene on that balcony—her eyes mirrored in his, her hand touching his? And yet, if you chose—if you chose—

What matter that, though she love you now, she may weary of your presence hereafter, may still be young when you are old, may crave after a life of rosy hue when yours is tinged with gray, so long as you possess her? When once she is yours, must not your mighty love constrain her love to last? Could she resist its influence? Why, then, endure such agony, and suffer another to carry off the prize that is all your life to you?

He moves on with a quick, harsh sigh, unwilling to linger over possibilities so dangerously tempting. If he loved her less he would never let her go. Loving her as he does, he thinks only of her happiness, though it be secured at the sacrifice of his own. In most passion there is great selfishness: but it is Minnie Goring *he* loves—not himself through her.

A clock strikes the hour, ten mellow notes borne from the town on the wings of the night. White Lady Luna peeps coyly over the edge of the horizon, frosting the heaving bosom of the sea with her pure lambent rays, as if, the arrant hypocrite! it were the first time she had looked upon such a rakish old Orb. Black volumes of smoke pour forth from the mail-boat's funnels, lit up ever and anon by a flight of sparks, and whirl away to sea. Luggage arrives in trucks; passengers arrive, and hurry on board to secure good berths before the tidal train runs in.

Still Jim leans against the rough wood, his head resting on one hand, his eyes looking out over the restless waves. He is standing at the very end of the pier, his solitude seeming the lonelier from its contrast to the swaying crowd which is streaming down to the mail from the station, where the *Grande Vitesse* has just disgorged its freight. Presently he hears the steady tramp of approaching footsteps; a cigar glows through the darkness as they near him; it is Regy.

"Hullo!" exclaims Jim, in unmitigated astonishment at his appearance. Perhaps it was getting cold on the balcony.

"Hullo!" echoes the cigar, with that fertility of conversational power which so eminently distinguishes our countrymen; "jolly night."

"Thought you were booked for the evening," the captain observes, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and pensively replugging the same.

"Oh, well," airily, "they seemed to want to get off to by-bye, so I thought I'd toddle down here, and see if I could spot you."

"Do a smoke and a peg at the El Dorado, if you like," proposes Jim, very much averse to the prospect of making talk for any body.

"H'm! Think not to-night, perhaps; hardly

feel in the humor for it. Fancy a stroll in this drowsy summer night, with the plash of the waves and that splendid moon, will be more in my line. Better than the glare and squalling up there, don't you think?"

Saul among the prophets! Dane turned sentimental! It sounds sufficiently ludicrous, and Jim, if he could have mustered up the spirits, would have laughed himself into small pieces. But he knows the cause of it, and straightway hates him for talking such rubbish.

Whereupon they lounge up to the packet, and exchange greetings with the captain, who knows Jim as well as Malaise Bar. At his invitation they descend to the cabin, and discuss in his company each a steaming glass of rum-punch, the crowd notwithstanding, till the whistle shrieks out its warning, and they return to the pier. In a few minutes the last portmanteau has disappeared down the side; another whistle, a revolution of the paddles, a few hoarse shouts, and the boat glides away, with a trail of foam gleaming red and green under its port and starboard lights, into the moon-lit haze.

The little knot of porters and officials disperses shortly, and leaves the two alone as they perambulate the jetty in silence.

"I say, Tregarvan," says Regy, plunging into speech after much thought, "fact is, I *must* have a talk with you."

"Speak, friend," phlegmatically. "Satisfy your laudable desires by all means; but, with your permission, I'll do audience while you hold forth."

An awkward pause.

"You know, of course, old man, that I look on you more as a pal than a mere acquaintance."

Jim mutters something about his delight at the assertion.

"And I want you to understand how highly I value your friendship. You see, though you may be a good bit older"—the audience winces visibly—"and have had more experience, and so on, you're such stunning good company, and you've got something so attractive in your way—can't exactly express what I mean—that, since the first time I saw you three years ago, I've had more than a common liking for you."

Regy makes his unstudied prelude somewhat confusedly, but with a hearty ring in his voice that tells of true metal.

"I assure you," says the captain, who in no way shares these sentiments, "I feel greatly flattered."

"Not at all," continues Dane; "I don't want you to say that. I only was going to tell you how I have been vexed, wishing, as I do, to preserve your friendship, at the thought that during the last few weeks a coldness has arisen between us. I was going to say what I could to repair any thing I have done to cause this feeling."

Jim turns a shade paler, but he nerves himself to hear what he knows is coming.

"I am afraid," Dane resumes, hesitatingly, "that my—attentions to your ward—have displeased you."

"My ward?—Minnie?" steadying his voice.

"Yes, Minnie," lingering over the name. "Miss Goring has, no doubt, given me a good deal of encouragement to pursue those—attentions; but I should not think myself justified in proceeding farther without disclosing to you my hopes and—so on; so here goes."

They have stopped, and are bending over the pier head side by side. Jim passes his hand once wearily over his hot brow; but how drawn and white is his face none can see save the sweet pitiful moon and the sighing waves.

"I love your ward as I never shall another woman," Dane blurts out, after a moment.

"You're not eccentric; so do other people," says Jim, quietly, with a sad smile.

"I know that," growls Regy; "she beat every thing out this season. But look here, you are her guardian; you know my position; will you give your consent?"

"Consent? To what?" prolonging his pain.

"To our marriage."

How is it he can bear to hear this "our" so possessively, so confidently spoken?

"Well, but—my ward"—very strange sounds Jim's husky voice—"does she"—he coughs—"does she"—queer that tickling in his throat—"does she love *you?*"

"God bless her, *that* she does!" exclaims Regy, with a happy light in his eyes.

"Indeed!" still in the same constrained tone. "May I inquire how you know that?"

The bright, conscious laugh that answers him sends a pang through the fencing master's breast that no rapier point could have sped.

"How do I know it? Oh, well, in different ways, I suppose. Mustn't tell tales, must I? Besides, old Euphrosyne told me, when Minnie heard next morning—after her accident, you know—that I had been anxious about her, she burst into tears, and it quite upset her. Looks favorable for me, doesn't it?"

Poor Jim! hard rather to hear all this.

"It is the dearest wish of my life," pursues Regy, "that Minnie Goring may one day be my wife. Of course, without bragging, in a monetary point of view she could scarcely do better. What money she may have will be settled on herself, and I can, almost without feeling it, add to that— By Jove, am I not going ahead? Talking of settlements before I've got her consent or yours."

He looks up at the captain for approval, but can not get a glimpse of his face through those hands that are so tremulously pressed against it.

"I hope you'll give me godspeed in my suit, old man," he says, with feeling.

A dead silence. Then Jim's voice, very broken:

"You ask my consent, Dane? You have it. Go, and prosper."

"Thank you, Jim," clasping one burning hand in his.

As if roused by the touch of that honest gratitude, the fencing master springs up and turns his despairing eyes and haggard features upon his companion.

"You say 'thank you,'" in fast hoarse tones. "And yet, though I know you are now good-natured, honorable, and a gentleman—though I believe you *do* love my ward, and will make her a good husband—listen to this: I have just wished you good luck in your purpose. I have given you a gift which is to me far more precious than life—God only knows *how* precious! I have given it to you to love and to cherish, as I would love and cherish it were I—were I in your place. But if it is in the pride of your wealth that you have taken a fancy to this angel face, and think to buy it for your own; if you want it, madly perhaps, while the fancy lasts, and then ever should neglect it; if ever you forget how priceless is the treasure I am intrusting to you; if you make my darling unhappy—God do so to you, and more also!"

A few hasty strides, a minute's pause to cool his agitation, and he holds out his hand to Regy.

"Forgive my speaking like this; I love her—very dearly."

"You can trust me, Tregarvan," says the manly voice; "if only she will have me."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

According to *Nature*, the French have recently conquered the oasis of Goleah, about 600 miles from the coast, and propose to open a regular trade with Timbuctoo and Soudan *via* Tusalah, the chief city of the Touaregs. The distance between Goleah and Timbuctoo is only 900 miles. The same notice states that the colonization of Algeria by Europeans is increasing very rapidly, and that they now amount to ten per cent. of the population.

In reply to a memorial presented to Congress in January last by the American Society of Civil Engineers, in which they strongly represented "the importance of a thorough and complete series of tests of American iron and steel, and the great value of formulæ to be deduced from such experiments" in every branch of mechanical engineering, Congress voted an appropriation of $50,000 for this purpose. It has long been conceded that the formulæ that have been and are now employed in ascertaining the available strength of these materials of construction and in proportioning the parts of engineering structures are of doubtful accuracy. The rapid multiplication of the applications of iron and steel, and of the methods for producing these materials from the ore, together with the diversity in quality of the product obtained from the same ores handled by different processes, and the differences of opinion among engineers as to what proportion of absolute strength may be safely relied upon in diverse conditions of practice, attach to the proposed experimental tests a large share of interest and importance. It is to be hoped that they will be well and thoroughly made.

The board to which has been confided the conduct of the experiments consists of the following gentlemen, viz., Lieutenant-Colonel T. T. S. Laidley, Ordnance Department U.S.A., president; Commander L. A. Beardslee, U.S.N.; Lieutenant-Colonel Q. A. Gillmore, U.S.A.; David Smith, Chief Engineer U.S.N.; W. S. Smith, C.E.; A. L. Holley, C.E.; and Robert H. Thurston, C.E., secretary. The board was directed to convene at Watertown Arsenal, New York, on the 15th of April, 1875, or as soon thereafter as convenient.

It is announced that the board will enter upon its duties without delay. The testing machines required for the work are to be built, according to report, by the Messrs. Riehlé Brothers, of Philadelphia. The cost of these is estimated at $700 each, and each supervising inspector is to have ten of them in his district. To build these machines will require about two months.

The object of these tests, it is well said, is not with the view of discriminating in favor of any American manufacturers of iron and steel, but solely for the purpose of acquiring accurate knowledge of the exact endurance and strength of these two great products of American industry. The fact, likewise, that these experiments are to be undertaken at the instance and under the auspices of the government is a matter of congratulation, for this circumstance alone will place the results obtained by the board above suspicion of bias or favoritism, and invest them with an authority which will receive very general recognition.

For some time past the United States steamer *Fortune*, commanded by Commander F. M. Green, has been engaged in the Gulf of Mexico and the West Indies, under the direction of the Hydrographic Office, in determining the latitude and longitude of certain points connected by submarine telegraph. Those so far decided are Panama, Aspinwall, Kingston, Santiago de Cuba, and Havana, in each of which places a portable observatory and astronomical instruments were set up and numerous observations made. The longitudes were determined by the exchange of telegraphic signals, and the latitudes by the zenith telescope observations.

During the course of this work numerous soundings were taken, and a very extensive series of specimens of the sea-bottom brought up. These have been submitted to Professor Hamilton L. Smith, of Hobart College, Geneva, New York, who finds among them many new species, and others previously considered as very rare, and scarcely met with since their description by Professor Bailey and others.

It may be known to some of our readers that since 1868 there has existed in Hamburg a private institution representing the combined nautical and meteorological interest of that city. The control and support of this institution have lately been assumed by the German government under the following regulations, among others: By the name "*Deutsche Seewarte*" an institution is established whose problem shall be to further the knowledge of the ocean, so far as this is of interest to navigation, as also that of the phenomena of the weather on the German coasts, and to utilize this knowledge for the safety and expedition of navigation. The Seewarte is located at Hamburg, and has under it nine observing stations and forty-five signal stations along the German coast. The annual appropriation for the entire establishment and its dependencies is 75,000 marks.

A new species of a new genus of serpents, collected by Lieutenant Wheeler's expedition in Arizona during the field season of 1874, has just been identified and named by Professor E. D. Cope. It is called *Monopoma rufipunctatum*. The rostral shield of this new genus resembles that of *Phimothyra*, and the lateral head shields those of *Cyclophis æstivus*. It is, however, more like *Eutænia* in general character. This is a very interesting discovery.

The Pennsylvania Railway Company has commenced the erection of an iron bridge to take the place of an old wooden one across the Delaware at Trenton. The old bridge has stood for seventy years, and was in its day considered one of the finest specimens of timber bridge work in this country.

The work at the St. Gothard Tunnel has continued to progress satisfactorily during the past year. The length of this immense work will be 14,920 meters, or nearly nine and a half miles. The altitude of the northern entrance, at Goeschenen, will be 3608 feet above the level of the sea, and that of the southern entrance 3756 feet. The highest point in the interior of the tunnel will be 3780 feet above the sea-level, and it will be reached from the Goeschenen end by a rising gradient of 7 per 1000. From the summit there will be a falling gradient of 1 per 1000 to Airolo. The rock to be traversed is for the most part mica gneiss and mica schist. The recent annual report respecting the progress of this important undertaking states that the work thus far accomplished is as follows: Total length of tunnel, 48,651 feet; total length driven up to October 31, 8661 feet, while that remaining to be driven was 39,990 feet.

According to the Panama *Star and Herald*, preparations have actually been made for connecting Panama with Peru and Chili by means of a cable laid down along the Pacific coast. The cable steamer *International* left England on the 21st of March with that part of the cable which is to connect the two republics, while the *Dacia* was to follow very soon with that portion which is to extend from Peru to Panama.

Sir Matthew Gray, the managing director of the India Rubber and Gutta Percha Company, was to leave England on the 1st of April for the South Pacific. One of the privileges accorded to the company is that of constructing a land line across the Isthmus from Aspinwall to Panama.

In 1874 France produced 1,360,000 tons of pig (crude) iron, 760,000 tons of wrought iron, and 155,500 tons of steel.

It is announced that a rich bed of nickel has recently been discovered in the forest of Glorna, in Norway. The ore proves to contain 3.59 per cent. of pure nickel, an exceptionally large proportion.

Madame Jaloureau has lately furnished what l'Abbé Moigno considers an important contribution to the question of the disposal of the bodies of the dead. This process consists essentially in the use of an impermeable coffin, together with that of certain substances which produce a rapid decomposition—not putrid, however—and which can not escape from the inclosure. The coffin, which is made of tough material, is thoroughly coated inside and on all its joints with bitumen or asphalt, and covered on the exterior. The body itself is then brought in contact, prior to being sealed up, with phosphate of lime, which has the property, already referred to, of causing a rapid decomposition, but without any unpleasant odors. It is asserted that by this method coffins opened at the end of five years are absolutely free from any disagreeable smell. It is maintained that by following this process coffins may be piled one above another in limited inclosures, and without the danger of any unpleasant or noisome exhalation, and that interments can be made in vaults and tombs without necessitating the process of embalming.

The Journal of the Society of Arts announces the death of Mr. W. C. Aitken, which took place in Birmingham on the 24th of March, and speaks of him as one who has long been intimately associated with the society in question. Among other communications through the columns of the Journal of the society were papers on ancient and modern metal-working and ornamentation, and the progress made in ornamental processes connected with metallic and other industries. He took much interest in the question of the industrial expositions of Europe, and on several occasions organized a series of visits of Birmingham artisans to these displays. He was himself connected with the brass founder's trade, with which he was thoroughly acquainted.

A series of satisfactory experiments has lately been made in Russia in regard to lighting railway tracks from the locomotives by means of the electric light. The track on one occasion, with a battery of forty-eight cells, was brilliantly illuminated 492 yards ahead.

The survey of the interior of Russia, upon which its government has been engaged, is to be prosecuted during the coming summer with great vigor, four parties of civil engineers having been detailed for exploring the lakes, canals, and rivers which form the system of internal navigation in Russia.

M. Miklucho Maklay, the Russian traveler whose movements have been followed with so much interest for several years, has returned to Singapore, after a fifty days' tour in the Malay peninsula, where he succeeded in securing interesting facts in regard to the ethnology of certain races in the mountains. His labors were much facilitated by the countenance given to him by the rajah of the country.

The safe arrival at Loanda of Captain Von Homeyer is reported by the Germano-African Society. This officer is the chief director of the second German expedition to the Congo, and left Loanda on the 11th of February, since which he has visited a large number of stations, especially with the object of investigating and reporting on the availabilities of the region for immigration.

Captain Von Homeyer is well known as an ornithologist, and he has doubtless paid due attention to his favorite branch of study during this recent investigation.

The death of Sir E. Smirke has been announced to the Archæological Institute, of which he was one of the earliest members. He was distinguished for his knowledge of manorial and territorial rights and customs.

We have already repeatedly referred to the project entertained by Captain Roudaire, of the French service, of opening a passage from the Mediterranean into certain portions of the Sahara, with a view of creating a great inland lake, which, by its evaporation, should produce an abundant fall of rain in that arid region, and otherwise greatly modify the physical and commercial conditions of the country.

Mr. Donald Mackenzie suggests the opening of the canal from the western side of the continent instead of the northern, from the river Belta to the Niger at Timbuctoo. The Belta enters the Atlantic near Cape Bojador, and runs through a ridge which separates the great sunken basin, or Sahara, from the coast. At one part of its course this ridge is very narrow, and it is accordingly proposed to deepen the channel of the river, cut through the ridge, and let in the waters of the Atlantic. A vast lake, or rather inland sea, would thus be created, and a short canal would connect it with the Niger. Sir John Glover has, we believe, offered to lead a surveying party which it is proposed to send out to report upon the practicability and probable expense of the enterprise.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

In a Scotch town lately a man from the country applied to a respectable lawyer for advice. After detailing the circumstances of the case, he was asked if he had stated the facts exactly as they occurred. "Ou ay, Sir," rejoined the applicant; "I thocht it best to tell ye the plain truth; ye can pit the lies till't yersel'."

What three words did Adam use when he introduced himself to Eve, and which read the same backward and forward?—"Madam, I'm Adam."

It was a beautiful compliment that Haydn, the musician, paid to a great female vocalist. Reynolds had painted her as Cecilia listening to celestial music. Looking at it, Haydn said, "It is like her, but there is a strange mistake." "What is that?" asked Reynolds. "Why, you have painted her listening to the angels, when you ought to have represented the angels listening to her."

QUANDARIES.

Knocking at the wrong door, and hesitating whether you shall run away and say nothing about it, or stay and apologize.

Crossing the road until you see a gig coming one way and a cab another; so that if you move on you are sure to be knocked down by one, and if you stand still you may possibly be crushed by both.

Finding yourself in a damp bed on a cold night, and cogitating whether you will lie still and catch your death, or get up and dress, and pass the night on the two cane-bottom chairs.

Paying your addresses to a penniless fair one under the impression that she is an heiress, and, on discovering your error, having the option of marrying the young lady or of being shot by the young lady's brother.

Dining at a friend's house, where you must either drink wine till you become intoxicated or refrain till you become disagreeable.

Coming to four cross-roads, one of which you must take at random, or just walk back a mile or two and inquire your way.

"I must marry that girl," said a disconsolate young man. "She whistles, and it 'll never do to trifle with the affections of a girl that whistles."

The newspapers state that a well-known banker in Paris has absconded, leaving a large deficit behind. Mrs. Partington thinks it was very good of the poor man to leave it, when he might have got off clear with every thing.

A certain cockney, overcome by his sensibilities, fainted at the grave of his fourth spouse. "What shall we do with him?" asked a perplexed friend of his. "Let him alone," said a waggish by-stander, "he'll soon rewive."

They take a census in Rhode Island as they take a contested vote in town-meeting—the people stand up until they can be counted.

An inhabitant of a suburban town, after spending a convivial evening, was discovered among the carrots and cabbages of his humble garden, wrapped in slumber. "Well, Bill," said an admiring friend, as he shook the prostrate youth, "what are you doing out here?" "Watching for a hen that's stole her nest," was the sententious answer. "But what are your eyes shut for, Bill?" "Don't want the old hen to see me," gruffly replied the sleepy philosopher.

Two Irishmen were working in a quarry, when one of them fell into a deep quarry-hole. The other, alarmed, came to the margin of the hole and called out, "Arrah, Pat, are ye kilt intirely? If ye're dead, spake." Pat re-assured him from the bottom by saying, in answer, "No, Tim, I'm not dead, but I'm spacheless."

The other day an excited individual accosted a street *gamin* with the question, "Say, bub, which is the quickest way for me to get to the railway dépôt?" "Run!" was the response.

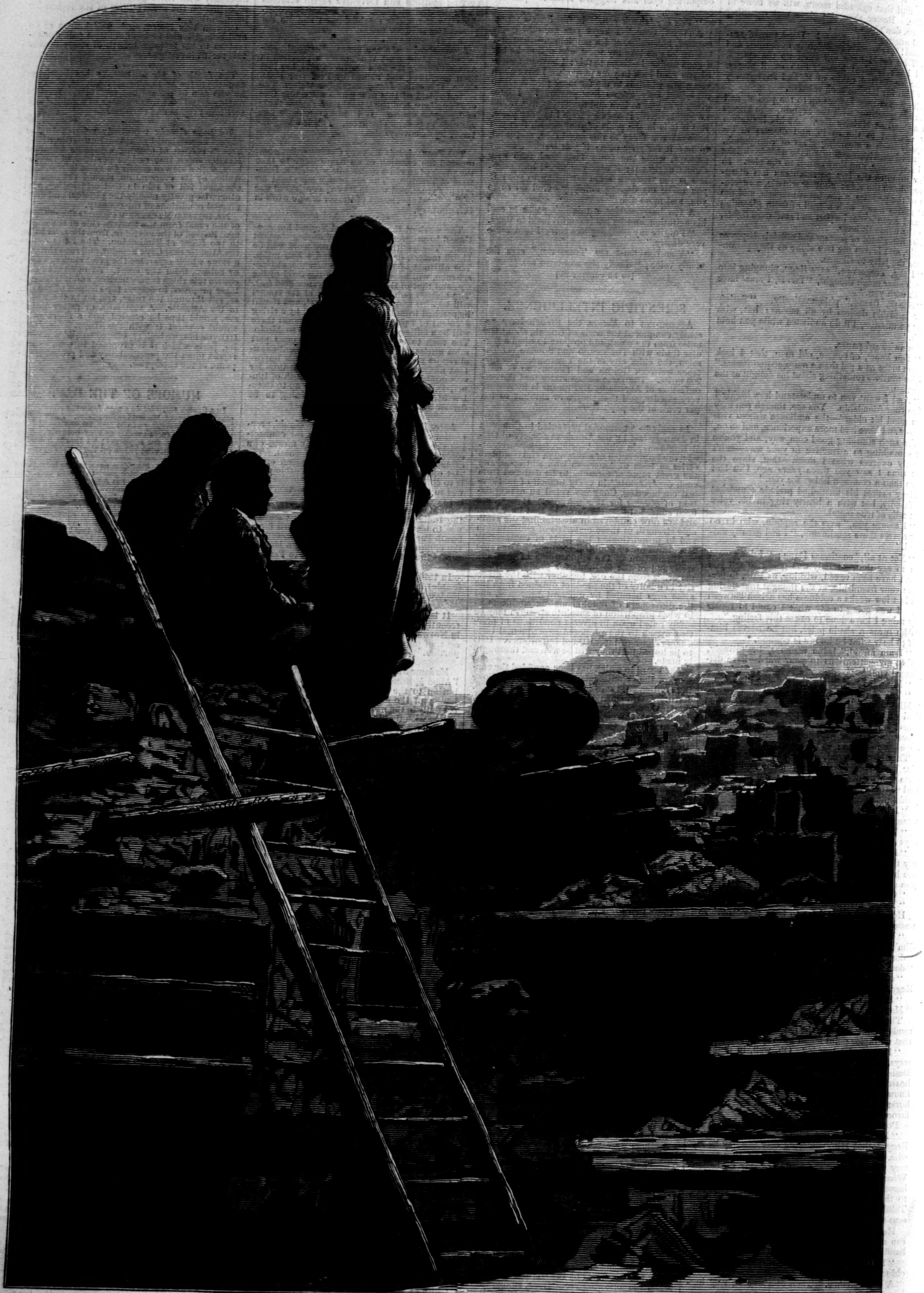
A gentleman, while making a speech, inadvertently stepped forward and off the platform. In response to the peals of laughter that greeted his unlucky fall, he claimed that any speaker had a right "to come down to the level of his audience."

Davenport, Iowa, has a girl who spells backward. We never thought backward was a hard word to spell before.

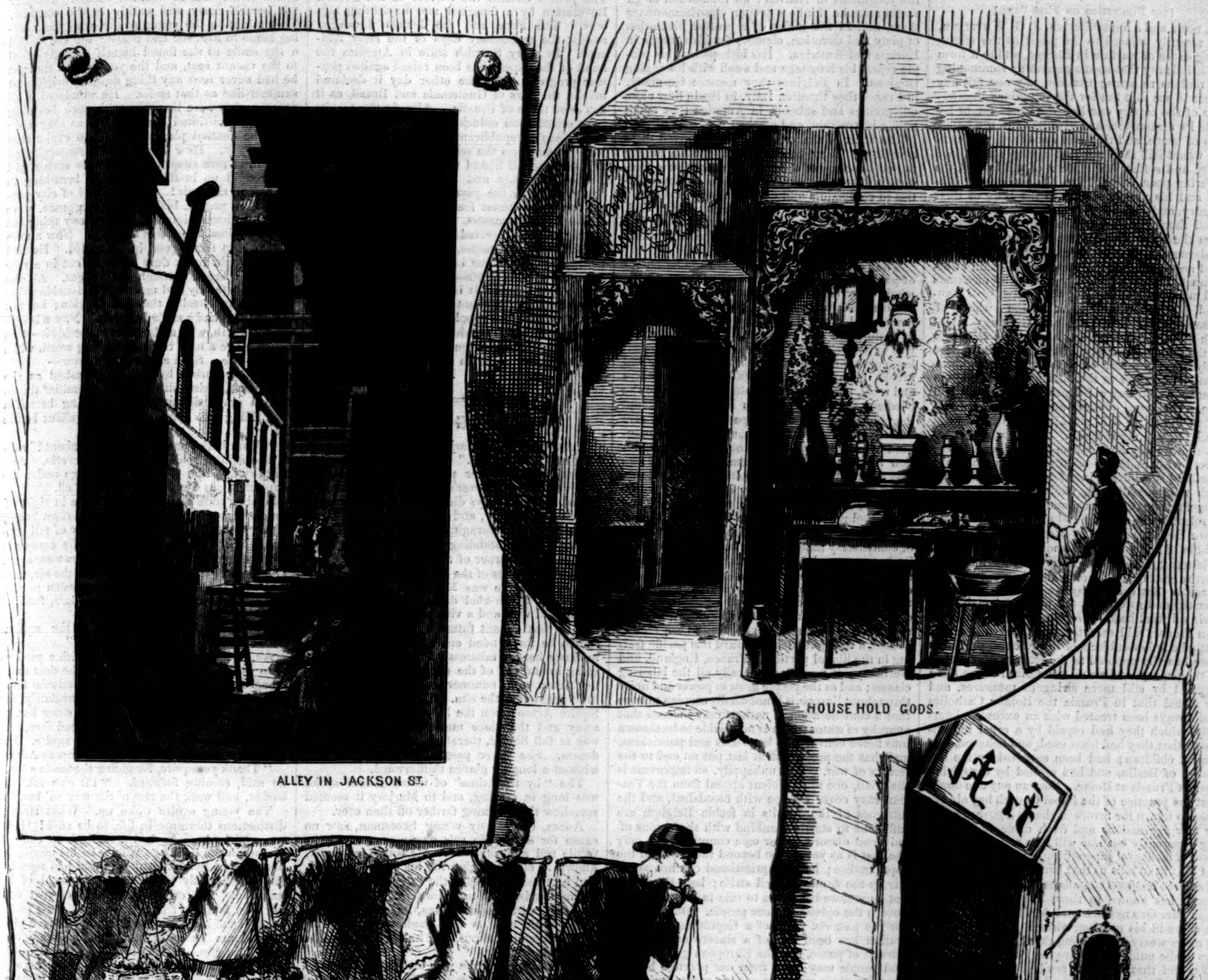
A scientific writer says that scorpions commit suicide. We are glad to hear it. If mosquitoes would only get into the habit of doing so, how much more should we think of them!

A lady whose family were very much in the habit of making conundrums was one evening asked by her husband, in an excited tone, "Why are all these doors left open?" "I give it up!" instantly replied the lady.

How soon some women change their minds respecting their husbands! Mrs. Spinn was forever telling her husband that he wasn't worth the salt in his bread; but when he got killed in a railway collision she sued the company for five thousand dollars.



THE WATCH FOR MONTEZUMA.—[See Page 426.]



SKETCHES IN "CHINA-TOWN," SAN FRANCISCO.—Drawn by Frenzeny and Tavernier.—[See Page 422.]

THE PAPACY AND UNIVERSAL WAR.

[See Illustration on First Page.]

A poet and a humanitarian, J. G. Whittier, has recently pointed to the priest as the stimulating cause of warfare in Europe, and to a form of Christianity that seems constantly summoning the nations to arms; nor can any one fail any longer to see that but for the imperious interference of the papacy one-half the world might lay aside its armaments and give itself to the happy toils of peace, and that one word from the Vatican would still the fears that agitate all civilized races, and soften the burdens of millions of the suffering poor. Had Pius IX. bidden his bishops and his people submit to the laws of their country, and suffer with patience whatever might befall them, he would have proved his descent from the benevolent Peter by a humility and a tenderness more effective to convert than a hundred anathemas, or the most logical chain of argument from a doubtful text, and by meekness and mercy might have won the sympathy of mankind. He need but speak to the bishops of Posen and of Ermeland, and Germany might sink at once into repose. A generous surrender of the fabled patrimony of Peter would relieve Italy from all fear of a foreign invasion. A gentle suggestion to the ultramontane faction in France would leave its people republican and free. One word of peace and resignation would soften the lot of half mankind. But that word Pius IX. will never speak. He forbids his people to obey any law that he has not sanctioned, covers with maledictions those rulers who have repelled his arbitrary interference, fills Germany with religious discord, excites the rising and vengeful hopes of France, and is as merciless and as relentless in extreme old age as when he shot down Roman patriots at Mentana, or filled the prisons of Bologna with the noblest of the Italians. Priestcraft, indeed, was never used for more unworthy ends or with such malevolent energy, and it seems that even many German Catholics are shocked and grieved at the persistent malice of their spiritual head. Deputy Jung, in the Prussian House, said recently that thousands of his Catholic fellow-subjects of the Rhenish provinces were heartily opposed to the extravagant claims of the papacy, and would be rejoiced to see them repelled by still more stringent measures, and he added that in Prussia the Roman Catholics had always been treated with an excessive liberality, which they had repaid by a cruel ingratitude; that they had been used, and behaved, like spoiled children; had been enriched by the liberality of Berlin, and had replied by conspiring against Prussia at Rome. Nor can any one doubt that the practice of the Papal Church has always been to return the favors of the civil governments by new aggressions and fresh menaces. Nothing apparently but war will now satisfy this new form of mediæval superstition, and already Cardinal Manning tells us that Europe is on the brink of a fierce religious convulsion, more terrible than any it has known in three hundred years, and both Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli seem to share in his opinion, while Prince Bismarck is never weary of asserting that the only disturbers of the public peace are the Pope and the Jesuits, and that they are resolved to envelop the new empire in the flames of civil discord and in a chain of foreign foes.

It is, therefore, with no peaceful purpose that the Pope has annulled all the recent Prussian legislation against his own pretensions, and it is not without reason that Germans hear with a deep and extraordinary attention, if not alarm, the anathemas of the Vatican against their father-land. If New York were surrounded by a chain of enraged and hostile states, if half the world around it were in arms, if the Pope were on the side of its enemies, should declare its laws invalid, and excite its ultramontane population to rebellion, if an envenomed France hung on one side and an ambitious Austria on the other, we might form some conception of the painful eagerness with which our people would listen for each note of warfare, and sigh for that repose which could possibly only be won by a total change in the form and constitution of the Papal Church. Such is the real condition of Germany. The war between the North and the South, between the Spanish and Italian elements and the German, is far from its end: a sudden reverse might destroy for a century the free schools, the churches, the liberality and the progress, of three hundred years, and lay Northern Germany low before the intense unity of a Roman Catholic coalition.

In this moment of suspense the most startling trait in the condition of the Continent is the enormous armaments that may at any instant be summoned to action. Major Brackenbury, in a recent lecture delivered at London before many of the chief officers of the English army, estimated that 10,000,000 men could be put under arms at once in Europe. "Every where," he says, "arsenals and dock-yards resound with the clang of hammers." The horrible machinery of war was never so complete as now; never since the time of the first Napoleon has civilization wasted so much of its energy on that destructive toil which Homer painted and denounced in the dawn of history; never was there a moment when men of peace should so seek to calm and soothe the passions of nations, and labor to avert the fatal encounter. Yet what are the Pope and his ultramontane followers doing? The priest, one might think, at such a time would every where teach his purest lessons of humanity, and win the praise that Divine lips have awarded to the peace-maker. But from the unhappy Pope to the obscurest Jesuit the whole power of the papacy is employed in exciting the evil passions of men, and urging on a European war. The Pope does not attempt to hide his rage. His enemies, or rather his opponents, are "vipers or hell-born miscreants, devils;" he covers them with his maledictions, and invokes upon them the judgments of Heaven; an inundation or an earthquake he thinks a proper chastisement for them, and in the midst of a profuse profession of piety and devotion, clamors for his revenge in Europe and America. His bishops and his people repeat his language and swell with his raging passions. In Belgium they menace Germany, in France they threaten Italy, in Spain they close universities and schools, in America they assail public instruction, and awaken a furious discord in the heart of the republic that has given them a shelter. The whole Jesuitical faction among us, unconscious of the rare privileges of a freedom it does not merit, employs its various abilities in complaints and denunciations of the government under which it has sought refuge, and, having been expelled from nearly all other free countries, now plots the ruin of the land where it has found a home.

The papal priest is every where the harbinger of public disturbances or private crimes, and the whole busy hierarchy of cardinals, archbishops, bishops, and metropolitans, clad in crimson garments and covered with the painful memories of centuries of spiritual tyranny, seem as destructive to the welfare of mankind as a general pestilence or famine. In Brazil they defy the laws and invoke insurrection, in Mexico they massacre and rebel, in Ohio they threaten and overawe the obedient Democracy, and in New York corrupt the public morals; in Europe this unhappy sect enforces a general armament, and summons mankind to war. It must evidently become a question for Europeans to determine how they can best repress the rancorous spirit of their priests, and how convert the papacy into an agency of peace. Except, indeed, the religious one, and that absolute rule which the Pope insists upon imposing on the nations, there is no other point of controversy that might not be determined readily by a general congress and a public treaty; and with the absence of the incitements to discord given by the army of cardinals and prelates, there appears no reason why the European powers might not dismiss their standing armies to the pruning-hook and the plow. There seems, indeed, a strong tendency toward this pacific feeling in the liberal parties of France, England, and Germany; it pervades naturally all the laboring classes; and as the people grow in power and unity throughout Europe, it is not wholly utopian to hope that a confederation of nations may succeed that anarchy of states which is now liable to be thrown into fierce convulsions by priests and politicians, and that the people will at last put an end to the terrors of war. Yet, unhappily, so important is the crisis, one more violent appeal from the Vatican may cover Europe with bloodshed, and the intrigues of the Jesuits in feeble Belgium are sufficient to startle mankind with the omens of universal discord. Our own country is the only one that is as yet almost beyond the power of the papal malice; here the priesthood can not as yet stir up the flames of civil strife; here they have not heretofore been able to rule in our politics or govern the opinions of our people. Our example for the past six years of a Republican administration has been one of a sincere and resolute pursuit of peace, and the European governments and people may learn from our practice how to abandon their standing armies and reduce their navies to an inconsiderable force. It is, indeed, the highest praise of our Republican administration that at the close of a violent internal strife it at once disbanded its vast armies, placed all its trust in the free support of the people, and found every where, except in a few disturbed districts, a swift return to good order and peace. It has steadily shrunk with horror from every suggestion of war. Political Romanism and Democratic politicians have labored to bring us into conflict with neighboring nations, but the will of the Republican majorities has commanded peace; and under this policy during the six years of Republican rule our country has flourished as it has never done before. Its imports and exports have increased within six years from $800,000,000 to $1,200,000,000; the population of the free North has grown with rapid strides; the nation is throwing off the effect of a momentary depression; and nothing but the accession to power of political Romanism and a Democratic oligarchy of Southern revolutionists and a Tammany Hall can destroy the fair prospects of freedom in the New World. So long as we remain Republican we may defy the foreign priesthood who have brought warfare and discord to all other lands.

But one party among us persists in proclaiming its servility to the foreign hierarchy, and every Democratic leader seems anxious to win the favor of the Jesuits and the Pope. Ohio and New York are already at their feet. The Democratic Governor of Massachusetts is not ashamed to attend the consecration of a papal archbishop, and to lend his political sanction to the interference of a foreign prelate in our religious affairs. Would he have gone to join in the ordination of a Congregational minister, a Methodist or Episcopal bishop? Why should Massachusetts officials attend a sectarian and dangerous rite, ominous to freedom and peace? Do not our Democratic leaders know that the cardinals and priests whom they have assisted to consecrate are stirring up war in Germany, France, Italy, Austria, and that the papacy has always been the bitter foe and persecutor of popular progress and human freedom? A pope annulled the Magna Charta, the foundation of English liberty. The papacy destroyed Albigenses, Wycliffites, Hussites, Huguenots, and Lutherans, the authors of modern progress. Popes ravaged Germany two hundred years ago, and Jesuits covered the Netherlands with horror. Huguenots, Hollanders, and Irish Protestants fled from the papal murderers to settle the New World. The papal party in France strove to prevent Lafayette and the liberal French from lending aid to our ancestors, and all Catholic Ireland prayed for our destruction. The priests excited the horrors of the French Revolution by a fanatical and unyielding bigotry. The Pope and the Jesuits flourished amidst the reactionary days of the Holy Alliance. In every Spanish state in America the hand of the papacy has been raised against popular progress. But the other day it declared invalid the laws of Guatemala and Brazil, as it has done those of Prussia. Already the Jesuits have seized upon unlucky Ecuador. The blood of myriads of republicans in Europe and America streams from the scarlet robes of the papal priests; and all liberal Germany, all republican France, all Italy and England and educated Spain, point to the papacy and the Jesuits as the last and bitterest foes of freedom. But one friend they still possess. The Democratic party among us has received them with open arms. Cardinals, priests, popes, and Jesuits rule in our politics and elect our officials; and Seymour, Tilden, Ohio, and Massachusetts are ensnared by the papal vote. It is a fearful conjunction. It is a solemn moment for freedom. Yet we may trust that the people will sweep from their path the recreant politicians and the intriguing priests, and fix anew the firm foundations of republicanism in America and Europe.

Eugene Lawrence.

GETTING A LIFT.

"And wha kens, Marjory, by that time somebody may gie us a lift."

Marjory shook her pretty head. She had not just now her lover's hopefulness; but she smiled, as she always did, at his Scotch accent, glancing up archly, and the shake of the head was not very discouraging.

The two were standing before that mossy little cottage at the corner of the lane, just where the sweeping shadows of the great elm flickered over it. This cottage was Marjory's day-dream—a tiny, cozy, flower-clad day-dream, with a good substantial wall and a vine-covered hedge about it. In that distant future when she and Adam should be forehanded enough to wed, she liked to fancy herself mistress of this pretty cottage, going in and out of the sunny porch, or waiting for Adam of a summer evening down at the little gate under the elm. The place belonged to Squire Acton upon the hill, but the squire was away and the place unoccupied, and Marjory was at full liberty, therefore, to tenant it with a dream. She never passed the cozy little nest without a longing glance thitherward.

The "by that time" of which Adam spoke was long in coming, and to Marjory it seemed somehow this morning farther off than ever.

Adam, the sturdy young Scotsman, saw no cause for despair in this new country, with its fertile soil and sunshine. He was a gardener, known in all the region for his skill and thrift, and he trusted to shape the future with his own strong hands. Yet to be owner of a pretty place like that, with its low eaves, its tidy shell-bordered path, and its elm shadow, was a thing worth dreaming about, and he let Marjory have her pretty dream.

"It's no unlike the wee bit place at hame," said Adam, eying it with a lingering glance as he turned to the road.

"Well, well, go your ways, Adam," said Marjory. "It's long past noon, and I've to stop down the lane with this basket for Widow Gray."

And Adam, lifting the basket over the stile for her, went his way, whistling thoughtfully.

Slowly Marjory passed up the lane with her basket, summer odors about her, and summer blossoms every where shedding their shell-like petals in a fragrant snow-fall, not whiter nor sweeter than the clean linen she was carrying to the Widow Gray; for Marjory was a capital work-woman, if she did dream over her tasks now and then.

The basket was refilled from the widow's garden with a goodly freight of vegetables for the houseful of youngsters for whom the young girl was purveyor, and the afternoon shadows were lengthening as patient Marjory went her way up the lane once more. She paused a moment at the stile to rest. Over the summer fields a soft, hazy sunlight fell; the meadows were golden; a veil of impalpable mist hung in the drowsy air. Marjory lingered, with her red hood thrown back over her shoulders, looking wistfully yet wearily at the scene. Her eye wandered to the hills lying afar off, fleeting cloud and shifting shadow flecking them. How distant they seemed, yet how near and familiar! She had never visited them, though they seemed so near. All her life had lain along the beaten track of household ways—the elder sister patiently caring for the old folks and the little ones.

Never, in her remembrance, had there happened to Marjory such a longing for a holiday, such a weariness of the old familiar duties, as now, when, setting down her laden basket, she leaned upon the stile, and shading her eyes with her hand, looked down the winding road. It was all so balmy, so luring, and quiet. Now and then a laborer with his rake on his shoulder plodded homeward, nodding to her as he passed, or a creaking farm wagon, with its sleepy oxen, toiled up the rise; and presently there rose a sun-lit cloud of dust a little distance off, and through it came the twinkling of red-spoked slender wheels—a pretty vehicle appeared, and a young gentleman driving. Marjory wondered how it would feel to be sweeping along the road like that, with no burdens to carry, and such a fleet little pony. At that moment—could she believe it?—that pretty equipage paused in the road, that swift little pony stood stamping impatiently, and a pleasant voice said,

"Shall I give you a lift?"

Marjory looked at the questioner, doubtful if she were not really dreaming. There sat the vision, spruce, smiling, and holding out its gloved hands to help her in with her basket. Marjory felt herself dusty and untidy in the contrast. This might be the young squire, who was coming home to live, she had heard; but she smiled a shy smile as she found herself actually lifted to the vacant seat, and the young man thought he had never seen any thing quite so bright and summer-like as that smile. He wondered if all country girls were like this, with such beaming eyes and sun-tinted cheeks; and as they rode along he chatted pleasantly, just to evoke that smile again. How fresh and uncontaminated and full of rare sweetness might not such a girl be, brought up in the woods, and breathing in their clean clear air! He was tired of city people. City people, both men and women, were so conventional—impossible to do any thing out of the habitual routine in the city. Now a man ought to do some good in the world. He had often thought it his duty to strike out in a new path, and break through old usages. All the men of his family had married fashionable women; they had wealth, they had position; but not one of them had a smile like that. Now a bright cheery hearth, with a pleasant face beside it—that might incite a man to do something worth while with his life. Such a girl as this, now—

Marjory, sitting by his side, blushed as she rode along, seeing all the homely familiar things from a grand distance, and fancying herself a lady riding into town with a gay gallant beside her.

"What is the prettiest place hereabout?" asked the squire, rousing from his reverie. And Marjory told him of the little cottage under the elm—that was the prettiest place of all.

So they rode along till they came in sight of the grand house on the hill—a big brown house, with a great carriage-way and a row of tall poplars. Near the south gate stood the conservatory and hot-houses. The glass doors were open. The scent of rare exotics floated on the air, mingled with the earthy odor of the garden mould. The sun was setting behind the poplars, flushing every thing with rose-color.

"Prettier than this?" asked the squire. "How would you like to live *here?*"

Ah, to live in a place like this, with a gardener to work for you, and to bow to the dust as he brought you a bouquet of those wonderful flowers! Marjory did not answer immediately, for at that moment a man in a ragged straw hat, at work in the beds, lifted up his heated face, and touched that ragged straw hat to the squire. His eye lit up when he saw Marjory. It was Adam.

"Thank ye, squire, for gieing the lassie a lift," he said, coming forward. "I'll e'en tak' the basket, and walk the rest o' the way wi' her."

The young squire woke up. What strange distinctions there are in life, to be sure! Here was a girl whom he had actually been contemplating in the light of a wife. In his musing he had dressed her like a queen, and had seen her sweep gracefully in at the wide portal of his mansion. But on the threshold of that door her own familiar friend, it seemed, must pause, humble and hatless. He could not make a place for Adam; he could not imagine Adam in a drawing-room. Adam's sturdy boots and brawny figure were not exactly the stuff that dreams were made of. And, as I have said, the squire woke up.

"We have had a very pleasant ride," he said, as, setting Marjory and her basket down, he bowed and drove on to the stable. And as he went he thought to himself that it was all well enough to talk philosophy and dream poetry, but when things came to the practical test, you must give day-dreams the go-by.

But when Marjory's wedding-day came at last, and the little cottage was hers by his own gift, it must have been gratifying to him to know that he had fulfilled her day-dreams at least, if not his own, in "giving her a lift."

SKETCHES IN "CHINA-TOWN."

The series of illustrations on page 421 represents some curious phases of Chinese life in San Francisco, California. Of "China-town," as that part of the city where the Celestials most do congregate is called, Mr. Nordhoff gives an interesting account in his admirable work, *California: a Book for Travelers and Settlers.* He says:

"If you walk through China-town on Sunday you will see a curious sight, and one which, if you are a thoughtful man, will not amuse you. Jackson Street, Sacramento Street, Dupont Street, and the streets and alleys which lie between, are the Chinese quarters of San Francisco. Here they live; here is their multitude of shops; here, in cellars, they make cigars, in shops they work at sewing-machines—the men, I mean; here, in an entry-way, the Chinese cobbler cobbles a shoe, the boy waiting at his side to put it on when it is done. Here are eating-houses, where smoked ducks, pigs' heads, livers and gizzards of fowls, whole chickens cooked in oil, sodden pork, and sausages are sold. Here is their church, or temple, with queer images of wood and tinsel, before which sandal-wood is burned or small fire-crackers are sparkling.

"Well, on Sunday it is all just as it was on Saturday, only a little more so. The shops are all open, and the grave accountants are adding up figures on the abacus, or posting up their ledgers. The cellars are as full as ever of cigar-makers; the eating-houses are fuller than ever; and for every eating-house there are at least a dozen gambling-houses.

"A Chinese gambling hell consists of a narrow whitewashed entry, at the end of which hangs a flap of cloth. The play-room lies at right angles with the entry, and is, of course, out of view. In the entry sits a man, apparently asleep, or dreaming. Near his head you will perhaps notice a rope belayed to a hook. This rope leads

to a door. If you—a white man and not a policeman—should attempt to enter the narrow passage, the watchman would pull the rope, the rope would pull to the door; and as that closes with a spring lock, you would be shut out.

"I counted a dozen of these places in a single block; forty-five of them were open on Sunday night; but the police say that it is not easy to prove that they are gambling dens, for no Chinaman will bear witness against them, and they take no money from a white man."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MAY.

Sunday, 23.—Trinity-Sunday.
Sunday, 30.—First Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday, 25.—Baptist Anniversaries, Philadelphia.
Wednesday, 26.—General Synod Lutheran Church, Williamsport, Pennsylvania. International Young Men's Christian Association, Richmond, Virginia.

JUNE.

Sunday, 6.—Second Sunday after Trinity.
Friday, 11.—St. Barnabas.
Sunday, 13.—Third Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 20.—Fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday, 24.—Nativity of St. John the Baptist.
Sunday, 27.—Fifth Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday, 29.—St. Peter.

CONSIDERING that Mr. PEARSALL SMITH, the American evangelist, speaks no other than the English language, his success in Berlin is one of the extraordinary facts of the times. He spent in that city, by invitation, six days, commencing March 30. At his first meeting there were present three of the Emperor's chaplains, Count EGLOFFSTEIN, president of the German branch of the Evangelical Alliance, and not a few high officers of state. Dr. BÄDEKER, of Weston, England, acted as interpreter. On Thursday, April 1, there were among the five hundred present at the conference Dr. HEGEL, the son of the great philosopher, and president of the Consistory of Brandenburg, Dr. BÜSCHEL, superintendent-general of ecclesiastical affairs in several provinces, and numerous pastors and laymen from all parts of Prussia. Mr. SMITH'S matter and manner were received with such favor by his hearers that at the close of the meeting Dr. HEGEL addressed him in these words: "Sir, I rise, not in my official but in my personal capacity, to thank you in the warmest and sincerest manner for the words you addressed to us last night, and again this morning. In doing so I am sure I echo the feelings of hundreds who have heard you. No one can feel and know so clearly and vividly as I what the anxieties and difficulties of God's Church in this province and in the whole country are. At the present moment our hands and hearts have been discouraged. But you point us to the imperishable source of our strength, the life of God within, and we have been strengthened and cheered. We bid you welcome and we thank you." On Friday, April 2, a private meeting, among others, was held in the house of Herr VON BÜLOW, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. On Sunday evening, April 4, a meeting was held in the Garrison Church, by special permission of the Emperor. This is the largest church in Berlin. Fully four thousand persons were present. On the next day a conference was held at the American Embassy, by invitation of Mrs. BANCROFT DAVIS.

Mr. SMITH is a native of Philadelphia, the son of JOHN JAY SMITH, well known as at one time librarian of the Philadelphia Library Company. He is a member of a glass manufacturing firm.

The biennial meeting of the Evangelical Alliance of the United States will be held in Pittsburgh October next. A great gathering is expected.

The Moravians in Bohemia have applied to the Austrian government for recognition under the new laws of the empire. As yet no answer has been given.

A committee, representing twenty-six churches of the Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, and Congregational denominations in California, have issued a circular expressive of the value of the services of the Rev. E. P. HAMMOND in San Francisco. It is represented that about 2000 persons, young and old, have been added to the churches during Mr. HAMMOND'S stay of seven weeks in that city. Two evangelists, Messrs. MESERE and STOVALL, are holding meetings at Sonoma.

Large and imposing as were the religious pilgrimages of the French in 1874, they will be exceeded, it is said, by those of 1875. In one respect there will be a change. Last year the Parisians flocked to the provinces; this year the pilgrims from the provinces will crowd Paris. The laying of the foundation-stone of the "Church of the Sacred Heart" on Montmartre will take place June 29. This edifice is designed to be in some sense a penitential expiation of the sins of the Commune and a symbol of the Catholic revival in France. Two millions of francs have already been subscribed for its erection; the subscriptions of the members of the National Assembly are to be commemorated by the setting apart of a chapel and altar for the Assembly itself. All the bishops of France, hundreds of priests, and a hundred thousand pilgrims, bearing on their breasts the "Sacred Heart," are expected to attend the ceremonial on the 29th of June.

The political complexion of this Catholic revival is shown by many signs. The anti-German feeling and the Catholic feeling are blended together. It is the fashion to be ultramontane, and to pray for the saving of Rome and of France is the accepted form of devotion.

The Woman's Baptist Missionary Society held its annual meeting in Boston April 21. Fifteen missionaries are supported by its funds, five among the Burmese, six among the Karens, three among the Eurasians, and one among the Chinese. In addition to these, sixteen Bible women are employed. The missionaries have organized seventeen schools, containing 980 pupils. The receipts during the year have been $30,241, and the expenditures $27,000. About one-third of the Baptist churches in the Eastern and Middle States are represented in the society.

Archbishop WILLIAMS, of the Roman Catholic diocese of Boston, was consecrated on May 2. Cardinal M'CLOSKEY was the consecrator. Archbishop WILLIAMS was made bishop of this diocese in 1866.

A large meeting was held on the evening of May 3 in the Noble Street Presbyterian Church of Greenpoint (Brooklyn) to protest against the consolidation of the Roman Catholic parochial schools with the public schools. Several of the speakers charged the Catholic hierarchy with attempting to destroy the common-school system.

One of the signs of the Catholic revival in Europe is the appropriation by the Church of the fame of CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. The Pope has ordered the life of the great discoverer to be written, and a handsome volume has already appeared in Paris under the title, *The Embassador of God and Pope Pius IX.* The divine embassador is COLUMBUS, who, according to this authority, was inspired to discover America. During the Vatican Council his beatification was proposed. It will not be long, we presume, before St. CHRISTOPHER will be added to the catalogue of saints, and the New World in consequence be placed under the paternal care of the successor of St. PETER.

The death is announced of Cardinal CAPALTI at Rome.

The Prussian Diet is resolved on doing thorough work. The "State Subsidy Withdrawal Bill" has passed the Upper House by a vote of 91 in favor to 29 against. This indicates a great change, for the Upper House has hitherto been very conservative on ecclesiastical questions. Bills for the repeal of three articles of the constitution, supposed to stand in the way of the new laws, have been introduced, and have quickly passed their first and second readings. These articles guaranteed to the religious bodies in the state self-government and freedom of intercourse with their superiors, and contained a surrender of the state's right of nomination to ecclesiastical positions. Their repeal places all the Churches directly under state authority. The articles repealed are the fifteenth, sixteenth, and eighteenth of the constitution of 1850.

A law for the suppression of monastic societies is also in preparation. The charitable orders will alone be excepted. Monasteries and convents will be closed within six months. The orders devoted to education will have a respite of two years, when their houses will be closed. Members who have given property to their orders will receive it back again. The old and infirm will be supported while they live. According to the New York *Tablet*, 2170 men and 14,190 women will be affected by this legislation.

"Never say die" is Father O'KEEFFE'S motto. He still keeps up his fight against his bishop. When the bishop's representative came to say mass at Coolagh, one of the parishes in Father O'KEEFFE'S district, he found the church filled with men armed with pitchforks and stones. A first-class riot ensued, which the police wholly failed to suppress.

After a long debate the Convocation of Canterbury (Lower House) decided to do nothing on the eastward position and vestment questions. The resolution adopted was in these words: "That this House, having regard to the fact of the existing wide-spread diversity of practice with regard to the position of the celebrant in the administration of the Holy Communion, is convinced that it will be most for the welfare of the Church that such diversity be not disturbed, provided that in cases where changes are made and diversities arise it be left to the ordinary to determine which practice shall be adopted; and further, that by this resolution no sanction is intended to be given to any doctrine other than what is set forth in the Prayer-book and the Articles of the Church of England." The petitions against the eastward position presented to the Upper House of Convocation were signed by 5376 clergymen and 146,650 members of the laity. It was agreed by the bishops that the next Pan-Anglican Synod should meet in 1877.

Cardinal RAUSCHER, of Austria, has issued a pastoral condemning the bill now before the Austrian Reichsrath, which recognizes the Old Catholics as a complete Catholic Church. The bill has already passed the Lower House, and is now before the House of Peers. Among other objections to Old Catholicism, the cardinal urges that its concession of power to the laity in the Church is dangerous to monarchy.

The latest accounts of the anti-Jesuit riot at Buenos Ayres explain its cause. Archbishop ANEIROS had restored to the Jesuits the possession of the cathedral and college from which they were expelled some years ago. In his pastoral the archbishop says: "Instead of the parish priest and his vicars, you will have a congregation of exemplary priests [Jesuits] to administer the sacraments at all hours and to succor the sick, etc." The parishes had protested against this restoration, and the outbreak was the natural result of the opposition. Five Jesuit fathers were wounded, but are likely to recover. The college will be rebuilt.

The conflict between the Church and the state in Posen leads to some strange events. Among others, the correspondent of the London *Guardian* reports the following: "On a recent Sunday, while the congregation was assembled in the parish church of Kwilcz, and the parish priest was hearing confessions before beginning service, a carriage was rapidly driven up to the door, and a stranger descended, who made his way silently through the press, ascended the pulpit, and there, throwing off his cloak, appeared in clerical vestments. Producing a document, and announcing that he was there as the representative of the secret apostolic legate, he solemnly excommunicated the priest of the neighboring parish, who had accepted his benefice at the hands of the state, and devoted him to perdition. He warned the people that those whom the banned man in future presumed to absolve were not absolved by God; all who attended his ministrations were condemned as heretics; and the man himself, unless he repented, would be destroyed by God just as he destroyed this candle (which he suddenly produced before them). Snapping the candle in two and dashing it on the pavement, he warned the people not to follow him out of the church, and then, amidst the sobs and cries of the women assembled, the mysterious stranger departed as he came. All this while the parish priest sat quietly in the confessional, and the next day gave information to the police!"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

NOT long ago there was a joint meeting of the Public Health Association and the Dwelling Reform Association to consider the subject of improving the homes of the poor in New York city. It was stated, among other facts, that there were half a million of people in the Seventh, Fourteenth, and Seventeenth wards crowded into 25,000 houses so badly drained and so poorly ventilated that health and virtue were almost impossible to the inmates. Only certain quarters are overcrowded, and if unoccupied lands could be utilized, existing evils would be greatly modified. This, it was believed, could best be accomplished by co-operative associations, similar to those which have been so successful in London and Philadelphia. In London these companies purchase plots of ground in the suburbs, lay out villages, build cottages, and sell them at a low rate, or rent them, receiving the rent as purchase-money. London, Paris, and some other cities are filling up their suburbs by affording special facilities of communication by rapid transit and by cheap rates of fare. In Philadelphia there are several hundred co-operative organizations, by whose assistance a man of limited means may easily become the owner of a neat and comfortable dwelling. Unoccupied lands in the upper part of New York might supply homes to many thousands, who would gladly avail themselves of organized help. Of course there would always remain a large city population reckless both in regard to morals and health. For the benefit of such it was suggested at the meeting to which we have referred that all available waste house-room be utilized, that existing tenements be improved, and new and improved tenement-houses be erected. It was stated that in the First and Second wards of this city there were empty buildings enough to accommodate about 14,000 people. In Glasgow, Scotland, the Police Act of 1866 authorized trustees to borrow, for the purpose of improving tenements, $6,250,000 on security of the property acquired by them. They bought forty acres in various parts of the city where tenants were packed at the rate of 1000 to the acre, or 640,000 to the square mile, with a death-rate of seventy per 1000. Such of these dens of crime and fever as could not be altered were pulled down, and the people scattered. Of such tenements they have already destroyed 10,000. In London a plan was adopted by certain owners of tenements to collect the rent weekly, and apply a part of it in improving the premises, always consulting with the tenant to learn what was most needful to be done. This plan produced excellent results.

A little Chinese girl about eight years old, and born in California, has been admitted to one of the primary schools of the city of Sacramento. Application for her admission was made in the usual way to the Superintendent of Public Schools; but he referred the matter to the Board of Education. This is the first time that a Chinese parent has made application for the admission of a child to the public schools; but the example will doubtless be followed.

"Brownie," a famous thorough-bred greyhound of great size, belonging to a citizen of Boston, recently died of heart-disease. He was twelve years old, and before he was brought to this country he won in England the highest prize a dog can take in a coursing match. He was a great favorite for his beauty, grace, and intelligence. His muscular development and power may be judged by the fact that his chest girthed fully three feet, and he "took" a hedge ten feet high. Several artists had painted his picture; and a cast of the whole body has been taken, upon which his skin will be mounted, after which it will be preserved in the Museum of Natural History.

The Royal Gardens of England, near Frogmore, are thirty miles in extent, and inclosed within a wall twelve feet high. The glass-covered conservatories are 920 feet long. There is a vinery 102 feet long, two peach-houses fifty-six feet in length, and pits for forcing melons, asparagus, etc., which are heated by hot water. These gardens are considered the most complete in the world, and are surrounded by 1800 acres of magnificent grounds stocked with deer.

Hippophagy seems to be on the increase in Europe, particularly in France. There are now fifteen European states that authorize and regulate the sale of horses, mules, and donkeys for food. The flesh is said to be as good as ordinary beef and mutton, and to contain the same chemical elements, with even more nutrition. Probably there are few persons, even in France, who eat horse-flesh because they prefer it to beef; but it is sold at about half the price, and that is an important consideration with the poor. Yet there seem to be some who have a liking for horse-flesh, if we may judge from the *menu* of a "Grand Hippophagic Banquet" recently given at the Grand Hôtel, Paris. The list set forth would be rather appalling to the uneducated American taste; but the French are marvelous cooks, and doubtless the strange dishes were delicious.

Several vernacular village schools have been established by the Indian government in the province of Travancore, South India. The lower castes, however, are excluded from these schools, and not long ago the missionaries united in a petition to the government that the government schools be open to all classes.

It is believed that the French Communists, Dr. Rastoul and his companions, who escaped from New Caledonia, have perished in the water, as no tidings of them have been received, and fragments of their boat have been found.

True Christian charity is not restricted by denominational bounds—a fact which gladdens every benevolent heart. Not long since at the Methodist Conference at Troy a sad account was given of the sufferings of Methodist ministers and their families in Kansas and Nebraska. Rev. Mr. Thompson, of the Kansas Conference, told a touching incident of a minister who had moved to a new field of toil and trial, and who had written him that he had received only $22 during the quarter, and out of that $18 50 must be paid on the house rent then due. Bishop Vail, of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Kansas diocese, called on Mr. Thompson, and having inquired how the Methodist ministers were standing the pressure, Mr. Thompson read him this letter. The tender-hearted bishop melted to tears, and drawing a check for $22, said, with emotion, "Will you please give the young brother that for me?"

In M'Lean County, Illinois, a boring was made two or three weeks ago for water to supply a well for a school-house. Suddenly the workmen heard a violent commotion beneath them, and hastened to get themselves and their machinery out of the way. Out of the hole made there presently issued a stream of sand and gravel, which was forced to the height of from fifty to one hundred feet. Soon after the gas escaping from the well caught fire, and with great difficulty the school-house was saved. At last accounts the rumbling in the earth continued.

Special efforts are being made by benevolent persons in Boston to obtain good newspapers, journals, and magazines for distribution in charitable institutions and among the seamen in ships bound for foreign ports. An appeal has been made to the public to donate such reading matter as they can spare for this useful purpose. Any thing of this kind sent to Dr. E. G. MacLellan, 198 Northampton Street, Boston, Massachusetts, will be applied to a good use among those who have little reading matter.

The Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaievitch, Inspector-General of Russian Cavalry, has determined, with the sanction of the Emperor of Russia, to offer for the three best essays on the subject of the history of cavalry three prizes of 5000, 3000, and 2000 rubles respectively. In order to encourage international scientific intercourse, he has decided to throw the competition open to all nations, but foreign competitors must have their productions translated into Russian. All competing essays must be handed in at St. Petersburg on or before the 1st (13th) of January, 1877, when they will be carefully examined by a committee nominated by his Imperial Highness, and the prizes adjudged.

Hard putty around glass may be softened by the application of a hot soldering iron—a fact convenient to know.

Business seems to depend upon small things, and many of them, in Texas. In proof thereof read the following from a Texas paper: "A single queen bee will produce 100,000 bees in a season; the 100,000 bees will produce 50,000 swollen heels and the sale of twenty-two barrels of arn'ca."

At a spelling match in Candia, New Hampshire, which was held for the benefit of one of the religious denominations of the place, a venerable deacon, aged eighty-four years, spelled all the rest down, and took the prize.

"Bob" is the familiar name by which a miner is known who lives in one of the Pennsylvania mining villages. Recently, while enjoying a "strike," Bob resolved to clean out his cellar, and make it deeper. In doing this he unearthed a small tin box. Strange to say, he did not examine it, but shoveled it out-of-doors. A neighbor passing by encountered the box, very naturally kicked it, and off flew the lid, and out rolled four hundred gold dollars. It is said that nearly every one in the village obtained a piece or two excepting poor Bob. Cleaning out cellars will become popular.

Shortly before the Chinese Emperor's death a gigantic image, the goddess of small-pox, was paraded round the city of Pekin in solemn procession, and then taken into the very bedroom of the dying youth, where it was worshiped and honored with many propitiatory offerings. As, however, the goddess continued obdurate, she was subjected to a severe thrashing and other insults, and finally burned.

A celebrated physician was once called upon to prescribe for a nervous disorder. He wrote his prescription in three parts, as follows: "First, occupation; second, occupation; third, occupation." This same prescription is a remedy for many of the ills to which flesh is heir.

Reports of the marvelous operations of a "calculating engine" are startling to old-fashioned plodders in common arithmetic. The inventor, Mr. Warren, a watch-maker of Three Oaks, Michigan, has been working for ten years upon the difficult and curious piece of mechanism, which, now that it is completed, performs complicated mathematical calculations. It was not made for sale, but to see what was possible to accomplish by machinery. Perhaps no more complicated piece of mechanism was ever constructed, yet it runs easily and accurately. It will divide, multiply, add, and subtract, perform questions in compound interest, and deals in fractions as well as whole numbers. The machine contains over 2100 specially formed pieces, and including screws and rivets, over 3000. This life-like concern is able to run backward as well as forward, and to detect errors in its work, if any are possible to occur. Such is the wonderful story of the new arithmometer, and we congratulate the children of the future on the probable expulsion of all dull arithmetics from their pile of school-books.

Crime must be rare in the little German principality of Lichtenstein, since it possesses no prison. A story is told of one man who had stolen some silver spoons, and was sentenced to a year's imprisonment. As there was no prison, he was lodged in a room of the palace. The thief was kept in considerable comfort, and upon good substantial diet, so that he rather enjoyed his quarters. But the Princess decided that it was not pleasant to live under the same roof with a man of dishonest principles. Accordingly, negotiations were made to discharge him if he would only amend. But he not only declined to give any such promise, but energetically claimed his right to be fed and housed for the full term of his sentence. This was most embarrassing. His Highness's financial counselor reduced the question to one of money, and offered the thief a certain sum on condition that he would embark for America. The thief met this proposal in an accommodating spirit, but pointed out, reasonably enough, that the negotiators were bound to take account of the perils of the voyage, and also to indemnify him for his willingness to spend the remainder of his life in exile. Eventually the matter was settled by the thief receiving double the sum originally offered, and being escorted to the station by one of the Princess's footmen, who carried his luggage.

CAPTAIN BOYTON'S CHANNEL TRIP.

ALTHOUGH Captain BOYTON did not succeed in his attempt to cross the Channel in his new floating costume, he fully proved the utility and value of his invention, as it is no mean triumph to have sustained a fifteen hours' battling with a stormy sea, and to have accomplished between forty and fifty miles of distance, with scarcely one drop of water having penetrated the dress, the only inconvenience experienced being the beating of the salt-water against his uncovered face. His India rubber dress has been so often described that we need only say in connection with this feat that the water-proof suit entirely envelops the wearer from head to foot, with the exception of his face, which is left exposed by an oval opening in front of the helmet-hood. The costume is rendered buoyant by the inflation of five air-tight compartments, one of which forms an air-cushion or pillow for the back of the head.

The veteran French pilot sent over to accompany the venturesome voyager by M. LONGUETY, President of the Boulogne Humane and Life-boat Society, had fixed three o'clock in the morning for the time of starting; and M. MÉQUIN, the pilot in question, brought with him a special chart of the Channel, on which the course he recommended was carefully drawn. According to this chart, M. MÉQUIN reckoned that, by starting at three sharp, Captain BOYTON would be carried up Channel by the flood to an easterly point, whence he could run down Channel with the ebb on the French side of the long shoal known as the Ridge, or the Colbart, until the tide should again turn, and carry him ashore somewhere between Boulogne and Cape Grisnez.

Twenty minutes past three, however, was the time the start was delayed to; and it is to the loss of this important twenty minutes that Captain BOYTON's ultimate failure, if failure it can be justly termed, may be attributed. Clad in his gray suit, and furnished only with a flask of brandy, a fog-horn, a small axe in a sheath, and his canoe paddle, Captain BOYTON walked from the Lord Warden Hotel to the pier, and, at the hour already mentioned, started on his plucky expedition. A display of fire-works, the firing of a gun from the steam-tug *Rambler*, which accompanied him during the trip, and the hearty cheering of the spectators on board and on the pier, celebrated his departure from the English coast. He glided into the water with the ease of a sea-lion, turned on his back, and quickly propelled himself out of Dover Harbor with his paddle, progressing feet first, as usual. The wind was north-northeast—favorable for his project. Once fairly out in the Channel, he rode over the waves with astonishing ease.

Proceeding in an easterly course, he made good progress in the first hour. A little later he called for his sail. What looked like the small mainsail of a miniature yacht was then fixed into a tube fastened to the sole of his boot, and, with sail set, he rode more fleetly than ever over the billows, steadying and steering himself with his paddle. Day broke dull and cheerlessly, and Captain BOYTON seemed to require the solace of his first morning cigar. One was duly lit, and handed to him from the *Rambler*, and on he plowed again, in no wise prevented from enjoying his cigar by the wash of the sea, and the spray which dashed over his face. The easterly course was persevered in till half past six, when he turned with the turn of the tide, and sailed down Channel with the ebb. Breakfast in the shape of a mixture composed of Liebig's extract of meat, milk, and the yolk of eggs was taken to him by Dr. DIVER at half past seven; but, unappetizing as it was, this breakfast had to be food for the fishes. An hour and a half later the doctor put off in a boat again to persuade him to take some bread-and-butter; but this he threw away, contenting himself with a draught of egg-mixture.

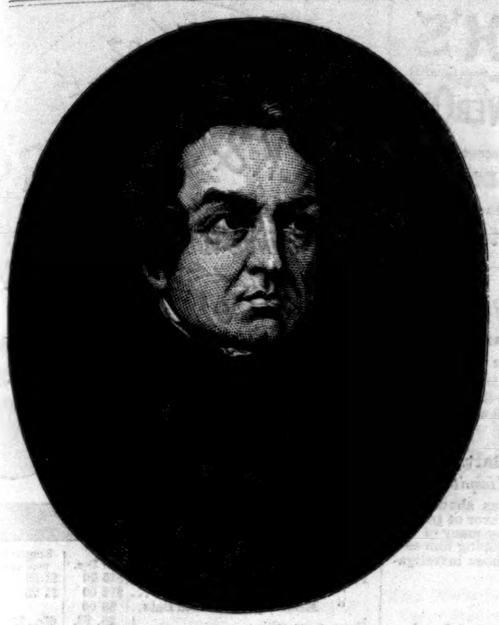
The waves grew more and more turbulent. He was soon seen struggling in a nasty short and choppy sea, and the French pilot regretfully announced to his brother, MICHAEL BOYTON, that the captain was *on* the Ridge—not on the French side of the submerged bank. Pilot MÉQUIN foresaw the long and arduous struggle with these vicious waves that would be before BOYTON, and he urged, but urged in vain, that the captain should be taken on board the *Rambler* for twenty minutes—just an equivalent to those precious twenty minutes lost in starting—and be conveyed across the troublesome Ridge. "Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the French pilot, "regard the current! It will sweep your brother to England—to Dungeness—if he will not come on board for only twenty minutes." But Mr. BOYTON would not listen to the pilot's pleading. He said his brother was now better than when he started; and so the captain certainly seemed to be. A little cherry brandy had infused fresh spirit into him, and he puffed away at his second cigar with great zest as the northeasterly wind filled his tiny sail and enabled him to stem the tide running against him.

Noon passed, and a little while later he had his reward. He had traversed the Ridge. He was now in the deeper water and longer swell of the Channel. Even Pilot MÉQUIN spoke hopefully as the tide again turned, and BOYTON made for the French coast, one moment lost to view in the trough of the sea, the next looking like a sea-gull skimming the crest of the wave. At two o'clock he had most encouraging proof that he was in the right track at last. The Folkestone steamer *Napoleon III.*, *en voyage* to Boulogne, passed within hailing distance, and the passengers cheered the venturesome young American by a round of hearty hurrahs. "All right!" the daring captain shouted, in answer to the inquiry of how he felt.

Shortly before six the weather began to get worse, and the pilot declined the responsibility of navigating the *Rambler* unless Captain BOYTON gave up all idea of reaching the French coast that night. After much discussion both the BOYTONS consented; the captain paddled round the steamer to show he was not exhausted; the tug put on all steam, and arrived off Boulogne about eight. Owing to the low state of the tide, the BOYTONS had to land in a small boat, the captain standing upright, and holding the American "Centennial" flag. Thousands of people crowded the pier to see him arrive, and welcomed him with loud cheers, many running knee-deep in the mud in order to be the first to shake his hand.

On landing, the captain was at once taken in charge by the Humane Society, who, after giving him a warm bath and an "international rub-down," performed by Dr. LEVOIS, the ex-Mayor of Boulogne, and an English gentleman, put their hero to bed. It may be mentioned that before Captain BOYTON consented to come out of the water all on board the *Rambler* signed a memorandum stating that it was entirely at their request that he relinquished the attempt. Dr. DIVER has also certified that he could have continued his exertions for six hours, while two of the packet captains state that had he done so he would have reached Cape Grisnez in two hours. Telegrams from the Queen and the Lord Mayor congratulated Captain BOYTON the next day on his success, which had been telegraphed to her Majesty.

CAPTAIN BOYTON'S TRIP—A CIGAR IN MID-CHANNEL.



W. C. MACREADY.—[From a Miniature by R. Thorburn, A.R.A., in the Possession of Mrs. Macready.]

MACREADY, THE TRAGEDIAN.

To the younger generation of American theatre-goers the name of William Charles Macready calls up no personal recollections of the man, but there are many who remember his second and third visits to this country, and some who remember his first, in 1826, before he had reached the meridian of his long and distinguished career. Every one, however, who takes an interest in the lives of great men will welcome the most entertaining volume containing his *Reminiscences and Selections from his Diaries and Letters*, which has just been published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. Actors, even the most distinguished, swiftly disappear from public remembrance when they leave the stage, and in a few years their names fade out of sight as though they had been "writ in water." Fortunately for the permanence of his fame, Macready was a most diligent diarist, and left abundant material for the present work. The earlier portions of it are especially valuable, as they contain a narrative of the first thirty-three years of his life, written by himself in 1855, several years after his retirement. The remainder of the volume consists of extracts from his diaries from 1827 to 1851, supplemented by a brief record of his closing years, from the pen of Sir Frederick Pollock, the editor of the work. During all the more important part of his career Macready speaks for himself, and the result is a book which gives a most vivid picture of the man, and of his career from the provincial stage to world-wide renown. The story, interesting in itself, is interspersed with anecdotes and with entertaining glimpses of many persons of celebrity, most of whom have passed away, so that the work is not merely a biography, but a most valuable contribution to stage and social history.

Macready was born in 1793. His father was a country theatrical manager—a man of violent temper, but of excellent qualities in some respects. From a very early age the boy evinced talent for his future profession. "Recitation was my forte," he writes; "but to cure me of the habit of misplacing my h's, my dear mother, I remember, took especial pains, and in teaching me Dryden's 'Alexander's Feast,' the line, as I pronounced it, ''Appy, 'appy, 'appy pair!' was for some time an insuperable obstacle to progress." His great amusement during the summer holidays at Birmingham was to visit the theatre of which his father was manager, and in acting plays of his own composition with his brother and sisters. There he saw King and Mrs. Siddons, whose grand deportment and beauty were engraved on his boyish memory. There, also, he saw Lord Nelson on one memorable evening, of which he gives an interesting account.

In his younger days Macready had no thought of going on the stage as a profession. One day at Rugby Dr. Inglis, head-master of the school, asked him what his father designed for him. "I told him," says Macready, "that I was intended for the law." He continued:

"Have you not thought of your father's profession?"

"No, Sir."

"Should you not like it?"

"No, Sir; I should wish to go to the bar."

"Are you quite certain you should not wish to go on the stage?"

"Quite certain, Sir; I very much dislike it and the thought of it."

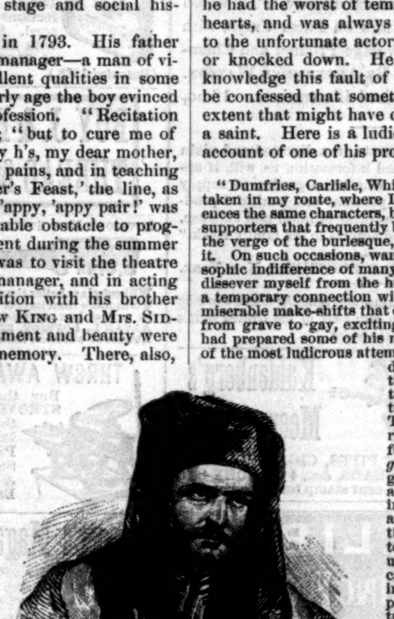
"Well," he added, "I am glad of it. But if you had had any thoughts that way, I should have wished to give you some advice, which I am glad to believe is now unnecessary."

Circumstances occurred, however, that changed his plans. At the age of sixteen he was obliged to leave Rugby in consequence of his father's pecuniary difficulties; and a few months later, while his father was in prison at Lancaster Castle for debt, he undertook the management of the Chester Theatre, and thence went with his company to Newcastle, conducting the business with gratifying success. His experience of country theatres was sometimes whimsical and ludicrous, and many instances of comical mishaps are narrated in the book with a great deal of humor.

His father at length surmounted his pecuniary troubles and opened the Birmingham Theatre again. Here young Macready made a successful début as Romeo. He prudently resisted the temptation to appear in London until he could take a high position on the metropolitan stage, and continued playing with unvarying success in the provinces till the 16th of September, 1816, when he appeared at Covent Garden as Orestes in *The Distressed Mother*. In this part he achieved a decided success, and during the next two years rose steadily in his profession. His early dislike to it still continued, however, and at one time he thought seriously of entering the Church as one mode of escape from what was to him a "distasteful and unpromising pursuit." He was not a favorite with other actors. It had always been in direct opposition to his disposition and taste to adopt the "hail-fellow-well-met" familiarity of the greenroom, into which he carried the manners and address habitual with him in general society, and this subjected him to unpopularity with many members of the profession. There were other causes tending to alienate his fellow-actors, "among which," he says, "was the zeal, probably sometimes outstripping discretion, which I carried into the pursuit of our art, at rehearsals requiring of them a degree of accuracy and attention that they were, perhaps, too indolent or indisposed, or sometimes unable, to give. A better judgment would have made more allowance for them. There was some humor in the retort of a country actor of the name of Knipe to the famous Barry, who was, like myself, impatient of the incompetency of the players of the company. 'Do not speak your speech, Sir, in that drawling way,' said Barry, in his energetic manner; 'look at me, Sir; speak it in this way, "To ransom home revolted Mortimer!"—that's the way to speak it, Sir.' To which the actor immediately replied, 'I know that, Sir—that is the way; but you'll please to remember you get £100 a week for speaking it in your way, and I only get thirty shillings for mine! Give me £100, and I'll speak it your way; but I'm not going to do for thirty shillings what you get paid £100 for.'"

Macready was never able to control his temper. He had no patience with dullness, applied the gentle epithets of "fool" and "beast" to actor and actress alike when they were slow to follow his directions, and swore roundly and loudly whenever he got into a passion. But if he had the worst of tempers, he had the best of hearts, and was always ready to make amends to the unfortunate actors whom he had damned or knocked down. He was ever ready to acknowledge this fault of temperament. It must be confessed that sometimes he was tried to an extent that might have disturbed the serenity of a saint. Here is a ludicrous example, from his account of one of his provincial tours:

"Dumfries, Carlisle, Whitehaven, and Kendal were taken in my route, where I repeated to crowded audiences the same characters, but with appurtenances and supporters that frequently brought the performance to the verge of the burlesque, and sometimes overpassed it. On such occasions, wanting the patient and philosophic indifference of many of my craft, I could never dissever myself from the humiliating sense of at least a temporary connection with the perpetrators of the miserable make-shifts that often turned the spectators from grave to gay, exciting laughter where the poet had prepared some of his most striking effects. One of the most ludicrous attempts to follow out the stage directions of the author at the least possible expense that I ever had the ill luck to witness was at Kendal. The *corps dramatique* arrived in the town too late for the rehearsal of *Virginius*, and I had to undergo during the first two acts a succession of annoyances in the scenic deficiencies and in the inaccuracies of the players. My unhappy temper was severely tried under the repeated mortifications I experienced; but in the third act of the play, where Siccius Dentatus should be discovered on a bier, with a company of soldiers mourning over it, I saw the old man who represented the Roman Achilles lying on the ground and two men standing near. This was too absurd, the body having to be borne off in sight of the audience. I positively refused to go on. 'Oh, pray, Sir,' urged the manager, 'go on; the men have rehearsed the scene, and you will find it all right.' In vain I represented that the men 'could not carry off the old man.' 'Oh yes, indeed, Sir,' reiterated the manager; 'they perfectly understand it.' There was nothing for it but submission. After some delay the scene was drawn up, and disclosed the three as described. On I went and uttered my lamentation over the prostrate veteran; but when I gave the order, 'Take up the body, bear it to the camp!' to my agony and horror the two men, stooping down, put each an arm under the shoulders of the dead Dentatus, raised him upon his feet—he preserving a corpse-like rigidity, his eyes closed and his head thrown back—and arm in arm the trio marched off at the opposite side of the stage, amidst roars of laughter of the convulsed spectators. I need not observe how difficult it was for audience or actor to recover their serenity after such a travesty."



In the Character of Henry IV.

Passing over several years of the actor's life, during which he had risen to eminence on the English stage, we come to his first visit to this country, the fall of September, 1826. His engagement had been made with Mr. Stephen Price, manager of the old Park Theatre, whose "burly appearance and bluff manners did not much prepossess" him. The terms were £50 per night. Macready reached New York on the 28th of September. On the 2d of October he made his first appearance, in the character of Virginius, and his reception was all he could desire, both from a business and a social point of view. His impressions of American society were very pleasant. He says:

"The hospitality of our many friends gave us ample opportunity of gaining intimate knowledge of the society of New York, dinners and evening parties following in quick succession. Customs have much changed since then, but at the time of which I write a stranger going to a dinner party would probably find the street door open, without a servant to answer either knocker or bell; or if one did come to open the door, he would leave the visitor to make his way, unheralded and unannounced, to the reception-room. I have more than once suffered great embarrassment in entering a room full of people whom I did not know, and have been recognized as a guest by the courtesy of host and hostess, from being the only stranger present. The round of introduction that follows your recognition, and which you are then condemned to undergo, every individual shaking your hand, merely in conformity with his own notions of good-breeding, and not caring one pin for you, is something of an annoyance. But I found the entertainment almost always unexceptionable; their tables are usually arranged with good taste and elegance; freedom and cheerfulness give life to their conversation, which is generally interesting and amusing. The scarcity of servants is a common inconvenience, and where one is almost as much an incumbrance as a help, one is not surprised that families dispense with all the hands, as in-door residents, not absolutely necessary. Coffee is introduced at the dinner-table, it not being customary to return to the drawing-room to partake of it with the women (I am writing of the year 1826). When the ladies rise from table they vanish, 'and no man sees them more.' This is odious, and a remnant of barbarism that I am glad to say is losing part of its detestable character in the growing disuse of cigars with wine."

On one occasion he had a glimpse of Aaron Burr:

"A trial of great interest, the State's prosecution of some bubble companies, gave occasion to Thomas Addis Emmet, who was retained in the defense, for a display of his powers, and it was with admiration and rapt delight I listened to the energetic accents of 'the old man eloquent.' On leaving the court we passed through the vaulted passages underneath. A solitary figure was slowly dragging his steps along close to the wall. He was below the middle size, dressed in a light gray colored suit, which, with his pale complexion, gave him in his loneliness somewhat of a ghostly appearance. When we had passed him, one of my friends in a significant whisper asked me if I knew who that was. On my replying in the negative, he told me he was Colonel Burr, who shot Hamilton, the Secretary of State, and who had been under prosecution for high treason. He looked a mysterious shadow of unrepented evil. Once seen, the vision was not one to be forgotten."

At the Bowery Theatre he first saw Edwin Forrest, and in view of subsequent events his impressions of the man are not without interest. The play was *Julius Cæsar*:

"Forrest was the Mark Antony. He was a very young man, not more, I believe, than one or two and twenty. The 'Bowery lads,' as they were termed, made great account of him, and he certainly was possessed of remarkable qualifications. His figure was good, though perhaps a little too heavy. His face might be considered handsome, his voice excellent. He was gifted with extraordinary strength of limb, to which he omitted no opportunity of giving prominence. He had received only the commonest education, but in his reading of the text he showed the discernment and good sense of an intellect much upon a level with that of Conway, but he had more energy, and was altogether distinguished by powers that under proper direction might be productive of great effect. I saw him again in William Tell. His performance was marked by vehemence and a rude force that told upon his hearers; but of pathos in the affecting interview with his son there was not the slightest touch, and it was evident he had not rightly understood some passages in his text. My observation upon him was not hastily pronounced. My impression was that, possessed of natural requisites in no ordinary degree, he might, under careful discipline, confidently look forward to eminence in his profession. If he would give himself up to a severe study of his art, and improve himself by the practice he could obtain before the audiences of the principal theatres in Great Britain—those of Edinburgh, Liverpool, Glasgow, Birmingham, Manchester, etc. (then good dramatic schools)—he might make himself a first-rate actor. But to such a course of self-denying training I was certain he never would submit, as its necessity would not be made apparent to him. The injudicious and ignorant flattery and the factious applause of his supporters in low-priced theatres would fill his purse, would blind him to his deficiency in taste and judgment, and satisfy his vanity, confirming his self-opinion of attained perfection. I spoke of him constantly as a young man of unquestionable promise, but I doubted his submission to the inexorable conditions for reaching excellence. The event has been as I anticipated. His robustious style gains applause in the coarse melodramas of *Spartacus* and *Metamora*, but the traits of character in Shakspeare and the poetry of the legitimate drama are beyond his grasp. My forebodings were prophetic."

Macready had no sympathy with the wholesale abuse of America and Americans poured out by Dickens, Captain Hall, and Mrs. Trollope. In his diary for September 2, 1843, just previous to his second visit to America, he writes:

"Read the number of *Chuzzlewit*, the most powerful of the book which Dickens is now employed upon, but as bitter as it is powerful. And against whom is this directed? 'Against the Americans,' is the answer. Against how many of them? How many answer to his description? I am grieved to read the book. Received a letter from him telling me that he had received a strong expostulatory letter from Captain Marryat on the subject of his accompanying me, and that, on my account, he would therefore deny himself the indulgence of shaking hands with me on board ship."

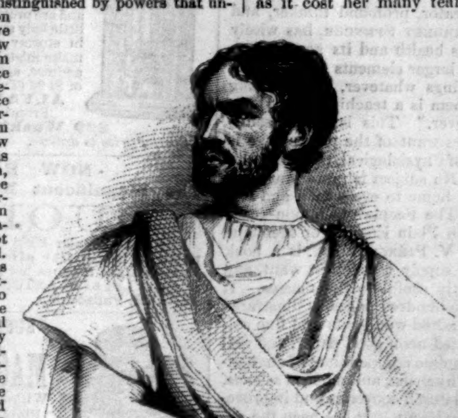
Captain Marryat was afraid Macready's reception here might be prejudiced if it were known that he had been accompanied on his departure from England by the author of *Chuzzlewit* and the *American Notes*.

In the fall of 1848 Macready paid his third and last visit to this country. He was well received in Boston, where he landed, but in Philadelphia certain overzealous friends of Edwin Forrest made very unpleasant demonstrations against him. He was violently hissed, a rotten egg was thrown at him, but he went through with the play (*Macbeth*) with courage and spirit, and in a speech when the curtain fell elicited the hearty applause of the better part of the audience. The deplorable riot which occurred on his appearance in New York cut short his visit to this city. His account of that unhappy affair, too long for quotation here, shows the man to great advantage. Not a word of bitterness escapes him, and he was too just to lay it to the account of the American people.

[From a Photograph in the Possession of Mrs. Macready.]

Macready was twice married. His acquaintance with his first wife commenced under peculiar circumstances. While he was in Glasgow in 1815, a very pretty girl of nine was sent on the stage at short notice in a farce. She was imperfect in her part, having had no time to learn it. "Not being aware of this," says Macready, "I scolded her on coming off the stage for her neglect, which I was afterward sorry for, as it cost her many tears." Five years later, while playing in Aberdeen, he met her again. We give the story of the second meeting in his own words:

"I reached Aberdeen about noon, where I saw my name announced in the play-bills for Richard III. As I passed from my hotel to the theatre two young girls were walking up and down the stage, apparently waiting for the business of the morning to begin. One, the manager's daughter, was a common-looking person; the other, plainly but neatly dressed, was distinguishable for a peculiar expression of intelligence and sprightly gentleness. She rehearsed with great propriety the part of the Princess of Wales, and was introduced to me by the manager as my Virginia for the next night's play. On the following morning she came an hour before the regular summons to go through the scenes of Virginia and receive my instructions. She was dressed in a closely fitting tartan frock, which showed off to advantage the perfect symmetry of her sylph-like figure. Just developing into womanhood, her age would have been guessed more, but she had not quite reached fifteen. She might have been Virginia. The beauty of her face



In the Character of Virginius.

was more in its expression than in feature, though no want of loveliness was there. Her rehearsals greatly pleased me, her acting being so much in earnest. There was a native grace in her deportment and every movement, and never were innocence and sensibility more sweetly personified than in her mild look and speaking eyes streaming with unbidden tears. I soon learned her little history. She was the support of her family, and was the same little girl whom I had rebuked some years before for supposed inattention at the Glasgow theatre. My engagement with Mr. RYDER was for three weeks, divided between the towns of Aberdeen, Montrose, Dundee, and Perth, and as the same plays were repeated by the same performers, my opportunities of conversation with this interesting creature were very frequent, which, as they occurred, I grew less and less desirous of avoiding. Her strong good sense and unaffected warmth of feeling received additional charms from the perfect artlessness with which she ventured her opinions. The interest with which I regarded her I persuaded myself was that of an older friend, and partook of a paternal character. All the advice my experience could give her in her professional studies she gratefully accepted and skillfully applied, showing an aptness for improvement that increased the partiality she had awakened in me. I could have wished that one so purely minded and so naturally gifted had been placed in some other walk of life; but all that might be in my power for her advancement I resolved to do. On the last night of my engagement at Perth I sent for her into my room, and presenting her with the handsomest shawl I could procure in Perth, I bade her farewell, desiring her, if at any time my influence or aid in any way could serve her, to apply to me without hesitation, and assuring her she might rely on always finding a ready friend in me. As I gazed upon her innocent face, beaming with grateful smiles, the wish was in my heart that her public career might expose her to no immodest advances to disturb the serenity or sully the purity of her unspotted mind. My way lay far away from her, but her image accompanied me in my southward journey, and, I may say, indeed, never after left me."

After this they met at Bristol and Dublin, and it gradually dawned on MACREADY's mind that his interest in the sweet and quiet actress arose from a tenderer feeling than he had suspected. In 1824 they were married, and CATHERINE ATKINS left the stage to be the actor's faithful and loving wife. She died in 1852.

MACREADY retired from the stage in 1851, and passed the remainder of his days in tranquil retirement. In 1860 he married Miss SPENCER, who survives him. During the latter part of his life he was accustomed to spend much time in listening to reading, or drawing on the rich stores of his unfailing memory. An English writer says of him: "One day, when he was incapable of holding or reading a book himself, he said he had been reading *Hamlet*. On some surprise being expressed, he touched his forehead, and said, 'Here;' and when asked if he could recollect the whole play, he replied, 'Yes, every word, every pause, and the very pauses have eloquence.' The last legible entries in his diary, written with a trembling hand, are, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner,' and 'Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief.'" He passed away peacefully and painlessly on Sunday, the 27th of April, 1873.

WATCHING FOR MONTEZUMA.

OUR illustration on page 420 represents a group of Moquis Indians watching from a house-top for the coming of MONTEZUMA or some other great personage who in earlier times was a prince and hero among their people. They believe that he will re-appear some morning with the rising sun, and restore them to the security, peace, and splendor of which traditions still linger among them. The Moquis of New Mexico and Arizona were once supposed to be direct descendants of the Aztecs, but later research has shown them to be an entirely distinct race, and the hero for whose coming they watch is supposed to be a different person from the MONTEZUMA whom CORTEZ overthrew. In order that he may not surprise his people asleep, a careful watch is kept for the appearance of the sun, and messengers are sent toward the east every morning to welcome the prince, should he come, and conduct him to the city. Another of their beliefs is that to repair the ancient towns in which they live would retard the appearance of the expected prince, and although they are advanced in some branches of civilized life, raise stock, and have well-regulated social and domestic relations, they do nothing to restore their towns.

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THAT great educator, profound thinker, and vigorous writer, HERBERT SPENCER, has wisely said: "As vigorous health and its accompanying high spirits are larger elements of happiness than any other things whatever, the teaching how to maintain them is a teaching that yields to no other whatever." This is sound sentiment, and one great want of the present age is the popularization of Physiological, Hygienic, and Medical science. No subject is more practical, none comes nearer home to every man and woman than this. "The People's Common-Sense Medical Adviser, In Plain English, or Medicine Simplified," by R. V. PIERCE, M.D., is a book well Calculated to supply a manifest want, and will prove eminently useful to the masses. It contains about nine hundred pages, is illustrated with about two hundred wood-cuts and fine colored plates, is printed upon good paper, and well bound. It is a complete compendium of anatomical, physiological, hygienic, and medical science, and embodies the latest discoveries and improvements in each department. It has been the author's aim to make the work instructive to the masses, and hence the use of technical terms has been, as far as possible, avoided, and every subject brought within the easy comprehension of all. An elevated moral tone pervades the entire book. While it freely discusses, in a scientific manner, the origin, reproduction, and development of man, it does not cater to depraved tastes, perverted passions, or idle curiosity, but treats in a chaste and thorough manner all those delicate physiological subjects a proper knowledge of which acquaints us with the means for preserving health, and furnishes incentives to a higher and nobler life. The author, who is also the publisher of his work, anticipating a very large sale for it, has issued twenty thousand copies for the first edition, and is thus enabled to offer it (post-paid) at one dollar and fifty cents per copy—a price less than the actual cost of so large a book, if published in only ordinary-sized editions. The large number of subscribers received for it in advance of its publication, has very nearly exhausted the first edition almost as soon as out, and those desiring a copy of it will do well to address the author, at Buffalo, N. Y., without delay.—[*Com.*]

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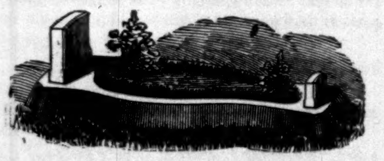

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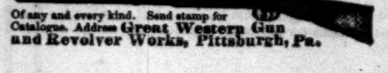

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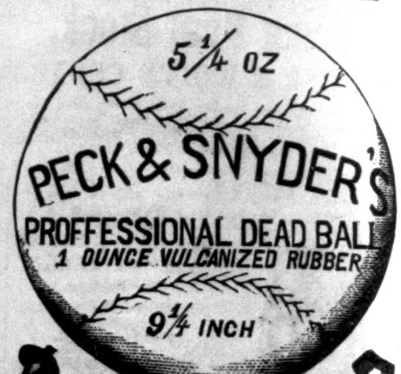

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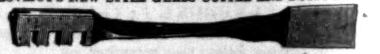

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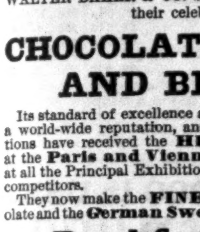

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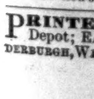

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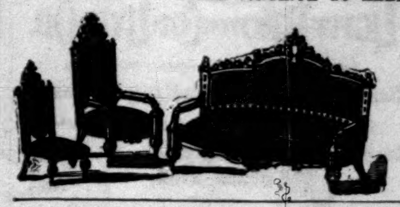

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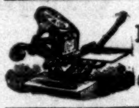

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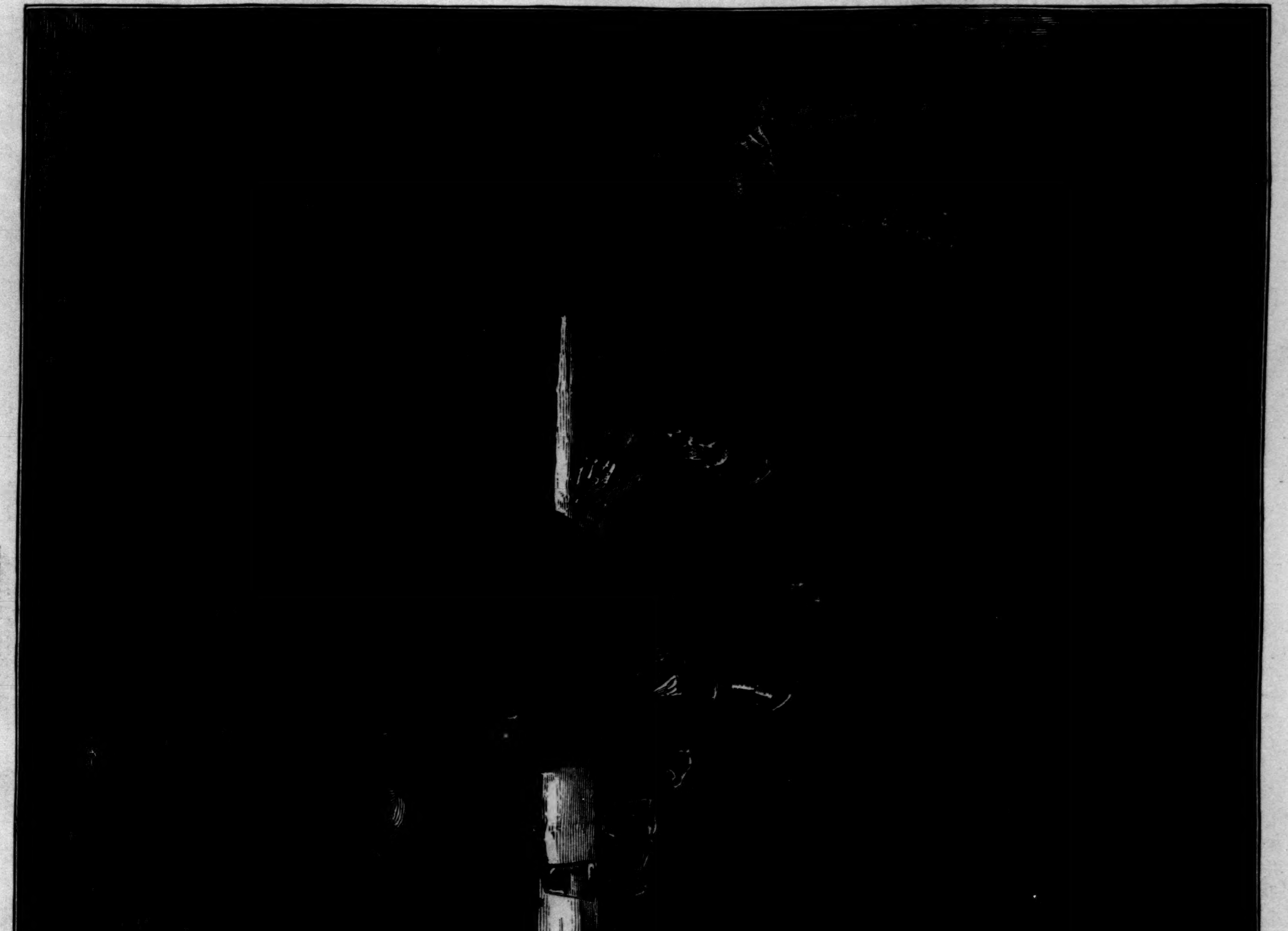

SICILIAN BRIGANDS—THE VICTIM UNDER CROSS-EXAMINATION.

SICILIAN BRIGANDS.

IN the Supplement to the last number of *Harper's Weekly* we gave an account of the capture of a gentleman by Sicilian brigands in a public garden of the city of Palermo. Having secured and blindfolded their victim, the brigands carried him off to a small mountain cottage, where refreshments of the simplest character are sold. The cottages, says our informant, are as wretched and dirty as the same class of cabins in Ireland. Then took place the scene represented in our picture. The captured gentleman was placed in a chair at the table, some of the robbers taking their seats also. He was narrowly questioned about the private affairs of his family, although his inquisitors were probably already well acquainted with these details. The bandage was then removed from his eyes for a short time in order that he might write a letter to his friends, telling them that he was in trouble, and urgently imploring them without delay to forward the amount of money fixed upon as his ransom by the manager of the West Sicilian Brigandage Association. While in durance the victim was not too well fed, his diet consisting of a slender slice of flour cake kneaded by dirty hands with olive-oil, and sprinkled with a few tiny morsels of dried fish. The wine was good. Two casks respectively of oil and of wine appear in our picture behind the young lady who officiates as brigand bar-maid. Above them are some sacks of flour. The brigands do not always fare sumptuously themselves, however. They are quite at the mercy of the peasants, from whom they obtain all their supplies at the most extravagant prices.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

OUR double-page portrait of the Prince of Wales derives additional interest from the fact that it presents him in the character of Grand Master of the United Grand Lodge of Masons of England, in which office he was installed, with the usual ceremonies, on the 28th of April. He was elected on the retirement of the Marquis of Ripon, and his installation is regarded by the Masonic fraternity in England as one of the most prominent in its history, as he is the first heir-apparent to the English throne who has held the office of Grand Master of the United Grand Lodge of England. GEORGE, Prince of Wales, who was Grand Master in 1790, only presided over a portion of the Masonic fraternity, as at that time the body was divided by an unfortunate schism of long duration, under the titles of the "Ancients" and "Moderns." The union of the two bodies was effected under the Grand Mastership of the Duke of Sussex, one of the sons of GEORGE III., who had no prospect of succeeding to the throne. He became the first Grand Master of the United Grand Lodge, since when no royal prince has held the office.

The ceremony of installation took place in the Royal Albert Hall, which is capable of accommodating nearly ten thousand persons. An immense concourse of Masons were present, representing all the English and many of the provincial lodges, and great enthusiasm was manifested. These representatives were attired in full Masonic dress, and some of the decorations worn by officers of the grades were magnificent in their designs and the jewels with which they were decorated.

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[*See Article on Page* 429.]

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